

PICCOLOMINI
811/8

TRANSLATED
FROM A MANUSCRIPT COPY ATTESTED BY THE AUTHOR,

THE
PICCOLOMINI,
OR THE
FIRST PART OF WALLENSTEIN.

PRINTED BY G. WOODFALL, PATERNOSTER R.O.W.

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THE
MAGNETIC COAST OF THE ATLANTIC

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MAGNETIC COAST OF THE ATLANTIC

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THE

PICCOLOMINI,

OR THE

FIRST PART OF WALLENSTEIN,

A D R A M A

IN FIVE ACTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

FREDERICK SCHILLER

BY

S. T. COLERIDGE.

LONDON:

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1800.

THE

PICCOLINI

OR THE

FIRST PART OF WALLSTEIN

A DRAMA

IN FIVE ACTS



PRINTED BY

S. T. COLBRIDGE

LONDON

1800

PREFACE

OF

THE TRANSLATOR.

IT was my intention to have prefixed a Life of Wallenstein to this translation; but I found that it must either have occupied a space wholly disproportionate to the nature of the publication, or have been merely a meagre catalogue of events narrated not more fully than they already are in the Play itself. The recent translation, likewise, of Schiller's HISTORY of the THIRTY YEARS' WAR diminished the motives thereto. In the translation I endeavoured to render my Author *literally* wherever I was not prevented by absolute differences of idiom; but I am conscious, that in two or three short passages

ii PREFACE OF THE TRANSLATOR.

I have been guilty of dilating the original; and, from anxiety to give the full meaning, have weakened the force. In the metre I have availed myself of no other liberties than those which Schiller had permitted to himself, except the occasional breaking-up of the line by the substitution of a trochee for an iambic; of which liberty, so frequent in *our* tragedies, I find no instance in these dramas.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WALLENSTEIN, *Duke of Friedland, Generalissimo of the Imperial Forces in the Thirty-years War.*

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, *Lieutenant General.*

MAX. PICCOLOMINI, *his Son, Colonel of a Regiment of Cuirassiers.*

COUNT TERTSKY, *the Commander of several Regiments, and Brother-in-law of Wallenstein.*

ILLO, *Field Marshal, Wallenstein's Confidant.*

ISOEANI, *General of the Croats.*

BUTLER, *an Irishman, Commander of a Regiment of Dragoons.*

TIEFENBACH,

DON MARADAS,

GOETZ,

KOLATTO,

} *Generals under Wallenstein.*

NEUMANN, *Captain of Cavalry, Aide-de-camp to Tertsky.*

The War Commissioner VON QUESTENBERG, *Imperial Envoy.*

GENERAL WRANGEL, *Swedish Envoy.*

BAPTISTA SENI, *Astrologer.*

DUCHESS of FRIEDLAND, *Wife of Wallenstein.*

THEKLA, *her Daughter, Princess of Friedland.*

The COUNTESS TERTSKY, *Sister of the Dúchefs.*

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PAGES and ATTENDANTS *belonging to Wallenstein.*

ATTENDANTS and HOBÖISTS *belonging to Tertsky.*

The MASTER OF THE CELLAR *to Count Tertsky.*

VALET DE CHAMBRE *of Count Piccolomini.*

THE
PICCOLOMINI, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

*An old Gothic Chamber in the Council House at
Pilsen, decorated with Colours and other War
Insignia.*

ILLO WITH BUTLER AND ISOLANI.

ILLO.

YE have come late—but ye *are* come! The
distance,
Count Isolan, excuses your delay.

ISOLANI.

Add this too, that we come not empty-handed.
At *Donauwert it was reported to us,
A Swedish caravan was on it's way
Transporting a rich cargo of provision,
Almost six hundred waggons. This my Croats

* A town about 12 German miles N. E. of Ulm.

2 THE PICCOLOMINI, OR THE

Plung'd down upon and seiz'd, this weighty
prize!——

We bring it hither——

ILLO.

Just in time to banquet
The illustrious company assembled here.

BUTLER.

'Tis all alive! a stirring scene here!

ISOLANI.

Ay!

The very churches are all full of soldiers.

(Casts his eye round)

And in the Council-house too, I observe,

You're settled, quite at home! Well, well! we
soldiers

Must shift and suit us in what way we can.

ILLO.

We have the Colonels here of thirty regiments.

You'll find Count Tertsky here, and Tiefenbach,

Kolatto, Goetz, Maradas, Hinnerlam,

The Piccolomini, both son and father——

You'll meet with many an unexpected greeting

From many an old friend and acquaintance. Only

Galas is wanting still, and Altringer.

BUTLER.

Expect not Galas.

ILLO. *(hesitating)*

How so? Do you know——

ISOLANI. *(interrupting him)*

Max. Piccolomini here?—O bring me to him.

I see him yet, ('tis now ten years ago,

We

We were engaged with Mansfeld hard by Dessau)
I see the youth, in my mind's eye I see him,
Leap his black war-horse from the bridge adown,
And t'ward his father, then in extreme peril,
Beat up against the strong tide of the Elbe.
The down was scarce upon his chin! I hear
He has made good the promise of his youth,
And the full hero now is finish'd in him.

ILLO.

You'll see him yet ere evening. He conducts
The Duchess Friedland hither, and the *Princess
From Carnthen. We expect them here at noon.

BUTLER.

Both wife and daughter does the Duke call hither?
He crowds in visitants from all sides.

ISOLANI.

Hm!

So much the better! I had fram'd my mind
To hear of naught but warlike circumstance,
Of marches, and attacks, and batteries:
And lo! the Duke provides, that something too
Of gentler sort, and lovely, should be present
To feast our eyes.

ILLO. (*who has been standing in the attitude of
meditation, to Butler, whom he leads a little
on one side.*)

And how came you to know,
That the Count Galas joins us not?

* The Dukes in Germany being always reigning powers, their
sons and daughters are entitled Princes and Princesses.

4 THE PICCOLOMINI, OR THE

BUTLER.

Because
He importun'd *me* to remain behind.

ILLO. (*with warmth*).
And you?—You hold out firmly?
(*Grasping his hand with affection.*)

Noble Butler!

BUTLER.

After the obligation which the Duke
Had lay'd so newly on me——

ILLO.

I had forgotten
A pleasant duty—MAJOR GENERAL,
I wish you joy!

ISOLANI.

What, you mean, of his regiment?
I hear, too, that, to make the gift still sweeter,
The Duke has given him the very fame
In which he first saw service, and since then,
Work'd himself, step by step, thro' each prefer-
ment
From the ranks upwards. And verily, it gives
A precedent of hope, a spur of action
To the whole corps, if once in their remembrance
An old deserving soldier makes his way.

BUTLER.

I am perplexed and doubtful, whether or no
I dare accept this your congratulation.
The Emperor has not yet confirm'd th' appoint-
ment.

ISOLANI.

ISOLANI.

Seize it, friend! Seize it! The hand which in
that post
Plac'd you, is strong enough to keep you there,
Spite of the Emperor and his Ministers!

ILLO.

Ay, if we would but so consider it!—
If we would *all* of us consider it so!
The Emperor gives us nothing; from the Duke
Comes all—whate'er we hope, whate'er we have.

ISOLANI. (*to Illo*)

My noble brother! did I tell you how
The Duke will satisfy my creditors?
Will be himself my banker for the future,
Make me once more a creditable man!—
And this is now the third time, think of that!
This kingly-minded man has rescued me
From absolute ruin, and restor'd my honour.

ILLO.

O that his power but kept pace with his wishes!
Why, friend! he'd give the whole world to his
soldiers.

But at Vienna, brother!—there's the grievance!—
What politic schemes do they not lay to shorten
His arm, and, where they can, to clip his pinions.
Then these new dainty requisitions! these,
Which this same Questenberg brings hither!—

BUTLER.

Ay!

These requisitions of the Emperor,—

I too have heard about them; but I hope
The Duke will not draw back a fingle inch!

ILLO.

Not from his right most surely, unless first
—From office!

BUTLER. (*shocked and confused*)

Know you *ought* then? You alarm me.

ISOLANI. (*at the same time with Butler, and in
a hurrying voice.*)

We should be ruin'd, every one of us!

ILLO.

No more!

Yonder I see *our worthy friend** approaching
With the Lieutenant-General, Piccolomini.

BUTLER. (*shaking his head significantly*)

I fear we shall not go hence as we came.

SCENE II.

Enter OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, and QUESTENBERG.

OCTAVIO. (*still in the distance*)

Ay, ay! more still! Still more new visitors!
Acknowledge, friend! that never was a camp,
Which held at once so many heads of heroes,
(*Approaching nearer.*)

Welcome, Count Isolani!

* Spoken with a sneer.

ISOLANI.

ISOLANI.

My noble brother,
Even now am I arriv'd; it had been else my duty—

OCTAVIO.

And Colonel Butler—trust me, I rejoice
Thus to renew acquaintance with a man
Whose worth and services I know and honor.
See, see, my friend!
There might we place at once before our eyes
The sum of war's whole trade and mystery—
(*To Questenberg, presenting Butler and Isolani
at the same time to him.*)

These two the total sum—STRENGTH and DIS-
PATCH.

QUESTENBERG (*to Octavio*).

And lo! betwixt them both experienc'd PRUDENCE!

OCTAVIO (*presenting Questenberg to Butler and
Isolani*).

The Chamberlain and War-commissioner Ques-
tenberg,

The bearer of the Emperor's behests,
The long-tried friend and patron of all soldiers,
We honor in this noble visitor.

(*Universal silence.*)

ILLO. (*moving towards Questenberg.*)

'Tis not the first time, noble Minister,
You have shewn our camp this honor.

QUESTENBERG.

Once before

I stood before these colours.

ILLO.

Perchance too you remember *where* that was.
 It was at Znäim * in Moravia, where
 You did present yourself upon the part
 Of th' Emperor, to supplicate our Duke
 That he would straight assume the chief command.

QUESTENBERG.

To *supplicate*? Nay, noble General!
 So far extended neither my commission
 (At least to my own knowledge) nor my zeal.

ILLO.

Well, well then—to *compel* him, if you chuse,
 I can remember me right well, Count Tilly
 Had suffered total rout upon the Lech.
 Bavaria lay all open to the enemy,
 Whom there was nothing to delay from pressing
 Onwards into the very heart of Austria.
 At that time you and Werdenberg appear'd
 Before our General, storming him with prayers,
 And menacing the Emperor's displeasure,
 Unless he took compassion on this wretchedness.

ISOLANI. (*Steps up to them.*)

Yes, yes, 'tis comprehensible enough,
 Wherefore with your commission of to-day
 You were not all too willing to remember
 Your former one.

QUESTENBERG.

Why not, Count Isolan?
 No contradiction sure exists between them.

* A town not far from the Mine-mountains, on the high road from Vienna to Prague.

It was the urgent business of that time
To snatch Bavaria from her enemy's hand;
And my commission of to-day instructs me
To free her from her good friends and protectors.

ILLO.

A worthy office! After with our blood
We have wrested this Bohemia from the Saxon,
To be swept *out* of it is all our thanks,
The sole reward of all our hard-won victories.

QUESTENBERG.

Unless that wretched land be doom'd to suffer
Only a change of evils, it must be
Freed from the scourge alike of friend and foe.

ILLO.

What? 'Twas a favorable year; the Boors
Can answer fresh demands already.

QUESTENBERG.

Nay,

If *you* discourse of herds and meadow-grounds—

ISOLANI.

The war maintains the war. Are the Boors ruin'd
The Emperor gains so many more new soldiers.

QUESTENBERG.

And is the poorer by even so many subjects.

ISOLANI.

Poh! We are all his subjects,

QUESTENBERG.

Yet with a difference, General! The one fill
With profitable industry the purse,
The others are well skill'd to empty it,

The

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The sword has made the Emperor poor; the plough
Must reinvigorate his resources.

ISOLANI.

Sure!

Times are not yet so bad. Methinks I see
(*examining with his eye the dress and ornaments
of Queßtenberg*)

Good store of gold that still remains uncoin'd.

QUESTENBERG.

Thank Heaven! that means have been found out
to hide

Some little from the fingers of the Croats.

ILLO.

There! The Stawata and the Martinitz,
On whom the Emperor heaps his gifts and graces,
To the heart-burning of all good Bohemians—
Those minions of court favor, those court harpies,
Who fatten on the wrecks of citizens
Driven from their house and home—who reap no
harvests

Save in the general calamity—
Who now, with kingly pomp, insult and mock
The desolation of their country—*these*,
Let *these*, and such as *these*, support the war,
The fatal war, which they alone enkindled!

BUTLER.

And those state-parasites, who have their feet
So constantly beneath the Emperor's table,
Who cannot let a benefice fall, but they
Snap at it with dog's hunger—they, forsooth,
Would

Would *pare* the soldier's bread, and cross his
reckoning!

ISOLANI.

My life long will it anger me to think,
How when I went to court seven years ago,
To see about new horses for our regiments,
How from one antichamber to another
They dragg'd me on, and left me by the hour
To kick my heels among a croud of simpering,
Feast-fatten'd slaves, as if I had come thither
A mendicant suitor for the crumbs of favor
That fall beneath their tables. And, at last,
Whom should they send me but a Capuchin!
Straight I began to muster up my sins
For absolution—but no such luck for *me*!
This was the man, this Capuchin, with whom
I was to treat concerning th' army horses.
And I was forc'd at last to quit the field,
The business unaccomplish'd. Afterwards
The Duke procur'd me in three days, what I
Could not obtain in thirty at Vienna.

QUESTENBERG.

Yes, yes! your travelling bills soon found their
way to us:

Too well I know we have still accounts to settle.

ILLO.

War is a violent trade; one cannot always
Finish one's work by soft means; every trifle
Must not be blacken'd into sacrilege.
If we should wait till you, in solemn council,
With due deliberation had selected

The

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The smallest out of four-and-twenty evils,
I'faith we should wait long.—

“Dash! and through with it!”—That's the
better watch-word.

Then after come what may come. 'Tis man's
nature

To make the best of a bad thing once past.
A bitter and perplexed “What shall I do?”
Is worse to man than worst necessity.

QUESTENBERG.

Ay, doubtless, it is true; the Duke *does* spare us
The troublesome task of chusing.

BUTLER.

Yes, the Duke
Cares with a father's feelings for his troops;
But how the Emperor feels for us, we see.

QUESTENBERG.

His cares and feelings all ranks share alike,
Nor will he offer one up to another.

ISOLANI.

And therefore thrusts he us into the desarts
As beasts of prey, that so he may preserve
His dear sheep fattening in his fields at home.

QUESTENBERG (*with a sneer*).

Count, this comparison you make, not I.

BUTLER.

Why, were we all the Court supposes us,
'Twere dangerous, sure, to give us liberty.

QUESTENBERG.

You have taken liberty—it was not given you.

And

And therefore it becomes an urgent duty
To rein it in with curbs.

OCTAVIO (*interposing and addressing Quesenberg*).

My noble friend,

This is no more than a remembrancing
That you are now in camp, and among warriors.
The soldier's boldness constitutes his freedom.
Could he *act* daringly, unless he dar'd
Talk even so? One runs into the other.
The boldness of this worthy officer,

(*pointing to Butler*)

Which now has but mistaken in its mark,
Preserv'd, when nought but boldness could pre-
serve it,

To the Emperor his capital city Prague,
In a most formidable mutiny
Of the whole garrison.

(*Military music at a distance.*)

Hah! here they come!

ILLO.

The sentries are saluting them: this signal
Announces the arrival of the Dukes.

OCTAVIO (*to Quesenberg*).

Then my son Max. too has return'd. 'Twas he
Fetch'd and attended them from Carnthen hither.

ISOLANI (*to Illo*).

Shall we not go in company to greet them?

ILLO.

Well, let us go.—Ho! Colonel Butler, come.

You'll

(To Octavio.)

You'll not forget, that yet ere noon we meet
The noble Envoy at the General's palace.

Exeunt all but Questenberg and Octavio.

SCENE III.

QUESTENBERG and OCTAVIO.

QUESTENBERG *(with signs of aversion and astonishment)*.

What have I not been forc'd to hear, Octavio !
What sentiments ! what fierce, uncurb'd defiance !
And were this spirit universal—

OCTAVIO.

Hm !

You are now acquainted with three fourths of the
army.

QUESTENBERG.

Where must we seek then for a second host
To have the custody of this ? That Illo
Thinks worse, I fear me, than he speaks. And
then

This Butler too—he cannot even conceal
The passionate workings of his ill intentions.

OCTAVIO.

Quickness of temper—irritated pride;
'Twas nothing more. I cannot give up Butler.
I know a spell that will soon dispossess
The evil spirit in *him*.

QUESTENBERG (*walking up and down in evident disquiet*).

Friend, friend!

O! this is worse, far worse, than we had suffer'd
Ourselves to dream of at Vienna. There
We saw it only with the courtier's eyes,
Eyes dazzled by the splendor of the throne.
We had not seen the War-chief, the Commander,
The man all-powerful in his camp. Here, here,
'Tis quite another thing.
Here is no Emperor more—the Duke is Emperor.
Alas, my friend! alas, my noble friend!
This walk which you have ta'en me through the
camp
Strikes my hopes prostrate.

OCTAVIO.

Now you see yourself
Of what a perilous kind the office is,
Which you deliver to me from the Court.
The least suspicion of the General
Costs me my freedom and my life, and would
But hasten his most desperate enterprise.

QUESTENBERG.

Where was our reason sleeping when we trusted
This madman with the sword, and plac'd such
power

In such a hand? I tell you, he'll refuse,
Flatly refuse, t'obey the Imperial orders.
Friend, he *can* do't, and what he can, he will.
And then th' impunity of his defiance—
O! what a proclamation of our weakness!

OCTAVIO.

OCTAVIO.

D'ye think too, he has brought his wife and
daughter

Without a purpose hither? Here in camp!
And at the very point of time, in which
We're arming for the war? That he has taken
These, the last pledges of his loyalty,
Away from out the Emperor's domains—
This is no doubtful token of the nearness
Of some eruption!

QUESTENBERG.

How shall we hold footing
Beneath this tempest, which collects itself
And threats us from all quarters? Th' enemy
Of th' empire on our borders, now already
The master of the Danube, and still farther,
And farther still, extending every hour!
In our interior the alarum-bells
Of insurrection—peasantry in arms—
All orders discontented—and the army,
Just in the moment of our expectation
Of aidance from it—lo! this very army
Seduc'd, run wild, lost to all discipline,
Loosen'd, and rent asunder from the state
And from their sov'reign, the blind instrument
Of the most daring of mankind, a weapon
Of fearful power, which at his will *he* wields!

OCTAVIO.

Nay, nay, friend! let us not despair too soon.
Men's words are ever bolder than their deeds:
And many a resolute, who now appears

Made

Made up to all extremes, will, on a sudden,
Find in his breast a heart he wot not of,
Let but a single honest man speak out
The true name of his crime ! Remember too,
We stand not yet so wholly unprotected.
Counts Altringer and Galas have maintain'd
Their little army faithful to it's duty,
And daily it becomes more numerous.
Nor can he take us by surprize : you know,
I hold him all encompass'd by my list'ners.
Whate'er he does, is mine, even while 'tis doing—
No step so small, but instantly I hear it ;
Yea, his own mouth discloses it.

QUESTENBERG.

'Tis quite
Incomprehensible, that he detects not
The foe so near !

OCTAVIO.

Beware, you do not think,
That I by lying arts, and complaisant
Hypocrisy, have skulk'd into his graces ;
Or with the sustenance of smooth professions
Nourish his all-confiding friendship ! No—
Compell'd alike by prudence, and that duty
Which we all owe our country, and our sovereign,
To hide my *genuine* feelings from him, yet
Ne'er have I dup'd him with base counterfeits !

QUESTENBERG.

It is the visible ordinance of heaven.

C

OCTAVIO.

OCTAVIO.

I know not what it is that so attracts
And links him both to me and to my son.
Comrades and friends we always were—long habit,
Adventurous deeds perform'd in company,
And all those many and various incidents
Which store a soldier's memory with affections,
Had bound us long and early to each other—
Yet I can name the day, when all at once
His heart *rose* on me, and his confidence
Shot out in sudden growth. It was the morning
Before the memorable fight at Lützner.
Urg'd by an ugly dream, I fought him out,
To press him to accept another charger.
At distance from the tents, beneath a tree,
I found him in a sleep. When I had wak'd him,
And had related all my bodings to him,
Long time he star'd upon me, like a man
Aston'd; thereon fell upon my neck,
And manifested to me an emotion
That far outstripp'd the worth of that small service.
Since then his confidence has follow'd me
With the same pace that mine has fled from him.

QUESTENBERG.

You lead your son into the secret?

OCTAVIO.

No!

QUESTENBERG.

What? and not warn him either what bad hands
His lot has plac'd him in?

OCTAVIO.

I must perforce
 Leave him in wardship to his innocence.
 His young and open soul—diffimulation
 Is foreign to it's habits ! Ignorance
 Alone can keep alive the cheerful air,
 The unembarrass'd sense and light free spirit,
 That make the Duke secure.

QUESTENBERG. (*anxiously*)

My honour'd friend ! most highly do I deem
 Of Colonel Piccolomini—yet—if—
 Reflect a little—

OCTAVIO:

I must venture it.
 Hush !—There he comes !

SCENE IV.

MAX. PICCOLOMINI, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI,

QUESTENBERG.

MAX.

Ha ! there he is himself. Welcome, my father !
 (*He embraces his father. As he turns round,
 he observes Questenberg, and draws back
 with a cold and reserved air.*)

You are engag'd, I see. I'll not disturb you.

C 2

OCTAVIO.

OCTAVIO.

How, Max.? Look closer at this visitor
Attention, Max. an old friend merits—Rev'rence
Belongs of right to the envoy of your sov'reign.

MAX. (*drily*)

Von Questenberg!—Welcome—if you bring with
you
Aught good to our head quarters.

QUESTENBERG. (*seizing his hand*)

Nay, draw not
Your hand away, Count Piccolomini!
Not on mine own account alone I seiz'd it,
And nothing common will I say therewith.

(*taking the hands of both*)

OCTAVIO—MAX. Piccolomini!

O favour names, and full of happy omen!
Ne'er will her prosperous genius turn from Austria,
While two such stars, with blest influences
Beaming protection, shine above her hosts.

MAX.

Heh!—Noble minister! You miss your part.
You came not here to act a panegyric.
You're sent, I know, to find fault and to scold us—
I must not be beforehand with my comrades.

OCTAVIO. (*to Max.*)

He comes from court, where people are not quite
So well contented with the duke, as here.

MAX.

What now have they contriv'd to find out in him?
That he alone determines for himself

What

What he himself alone doth understand?
 Well, therein he does right, and will persist in't.
 Heaven never meant him for that passive thing
 That can be struck and hammer'd out to suit
 Another's taste and fancy. He'll not dance
 To every tune of every minister.
 It goes against his nature—he can't do it.
 He is possess'd by a commanding spirit,
 And his too is the station of command.
 And well for us it is so! There exist
 Few fit to rule themselves, but few that use
 Their intellects intelligently.—Then
 Well for the whole, if there be found a man,
 Who makes himself what nature destin'd him,
 The pause, the central point of thousand thou-
 sands——
 Stands fix'd and stately, like a firm-built column,
 Where all may press with joy and confidence.
 Now such a man is Wallenstein; and if
 Another better suits the court—no other
 But such a one as he can serve the army.

QUESTENBERG.

The army? Doubtless!

OCTAVIO. (*to Questenberg*)

Hush! Suppress it friend!

Unless *some* end were answer'd by the utterance.—
 Of *him* there you'll make nothing.

MAX. (*continuing*)

In their distress
 They call a spirit up, and when he comes,

c 3

Straight

Straight their flesh creeps and quivers, and they
dread him

More than the ills for which they call'd him up.
Th' uncommon, the sublime, must seem and be
Like things of every day.—But in the field,
Aye, *there* the *Present Being* makes itself felt.
The personal must command, the actual eye
Examine. If to be the chieftain asks
All that is great in nature, let it be
Likewise his privilege to move and act
In all the correspondencies of greatness.
The oracle within him, that which *lives*,
He must invoke and question—not dead books,
Not ordinances, not mould-rotted papers.

OCTAVIO.

My son ! of those old narrow ordinances
Let us not hold too lightly. They are weights
Of priceless value, which oppress'd mankind
Tied to the volatile will of their oppressors.
For always formidable was the league
And partnership of free power with free will.
The way of ancient ordinance, tho' it winds,
Is yet no devious way. Straight forwards goes
The lightning's path, and straight the fearful path
Of the cannon-ball. Direct it flies and rapid,
Shatt'ring that it *may* reach, and shatt'ring what
it reaches.

My son ! the road, the human being travels,
That, on which BLESSING comes and goes, doth
follow

The river's course, the valley's playful windings,
Curves round the corn-field and the hill of vines,

Honour-

Honouring the holy bounds of property!
And thus secure, tho' late, leads to its end.

QUESTENBERG.

O hear your father, noble youth! hear *him*,
Who is at once the hero and the man.

OCTAVIO.

My son, the nursling of the camp spoke in thee!
A war of fifteen years
Hath been thy education and thy school.
Peace hast thou never witness'd! There exists
An higher than the warrior's excellence.
In war itself war is no ultimate purpose.
The vast and sudden deeds of violence,
Adventures wild, and wonders of the moment,
These are not they, my son, that generate
The Calm, the Blissful, and th' enduring Mighty!
Lo there! the foldier, rapid architect!
Builds his light town of canvass, and at once
The whole scene moves and bustles momentarily,
With arms, and neighing steeds, and mirth and
quarrel!
The motley market fills; the roads, the streams
Are crowded with new freights, trade stir and
hurries!
But on some morrow morn, all suddenly,
The tents drop down, the hord renews its march.
Dreary, and solitary as a church-yard
The meadow and down-trodden seed-plot lie,
And the year's harvest is gone utterly.

MAX.

O let the Emperor make peace, my father!

Most gladly would I give the blood-stain'd laurel
 For the first violet * of the leafless spring,
 Pluck'd in those quiet fields where I have
 journey'd !

OCTAVIO.

What ails thee ? What so moves thee all at once ?

MAX.

Peace have I ne'er beheld ? I *have* beheld it.
 From thence am I come hither : O ! that sight,
 It glimmers still before me, like some landscape
 Left in the distance,—some delicious landscape !
 My road conducted me thro' countries where
 The war has not yet reach'd. Life, life, my
 father——

My venerable father, Life has charms
 Which *we* have ne'er experienc'd. We have been
 But voyaging along it's barren coasts,
 Like some poor ever-roaming horde of pirates,
 That, crowded in the rank and narrow ship,
 House on the wild sea with wild usages,
 Nor know aught of the main land, but the bays
 Where safest they may venture a thieves' landing.
 Whate'er in th' inland dales the land conceals
 Of fair and exquisite, O ! nothing, nothing,
 Do we behold of that in our rude voyage.

* In the original,
 Den blutgen Lorbeer, geb ich hin, mit Freuden
 Fiirs erste veilchen, das der merz uns bringt,
 Das duftige Pfand der neuverjüngten Erde.

OCTAVIO.

OCTAVIO. (*attentive, with an appearance of uneasiness*)

—And so your journey has reveal'd this to you?

MAX.

'Twas the first leisure of my life. O tell me,
What is the meed and purpose of the toil,
The painful toil, which robb'd me of my youth,
Left me an heart unfoul'd and solitary,
A spirit uninform'd, unornamented.
For the camp's stir and crowd and ceaseless larum,
The neighing war-horse, the air-shatt'ring trumpet,
The unvaried, still-returning hour of duty,
Word of command, and exercise of arms—
There's nothing here, there's nothing in all this
To satisfy the heart, the gasping heart!
Mere bustling nothingness, where the soul is not—
This cannot be the sole felicity,
These cannot be man's best and only pleasures!

OCTAVIO.

Much has thou learnt, my son, in this short
journey.

MAX.

O! day thrice lovely! when at length the soldier
Returns home into life; when he becomes
A fellow-man among his fellow-men.
The colours are unfurl'd, the cavalcade
Marshals, and now the buz is hush'd, and hark!
Now the soft peace-march beats, home, brothers,
home!
The caps and helmets are all garlanded

With

With green boughs, the last plund'ring of the
fields.

The city gates fly open of themselves,
They need no longer the petard to tear them.
The ramparts are all fill'd with men and women,
With peaceful men and women, that send onwards
Kisses and welcomings upon the air,
Which they make breezy with affectionate gestures.
From all the towers rings out the merry peal,
The joyous vespers of a bloody day.
O happy man, O fortunate ! for whom
The well-known door, the faithful arms are open,
The faithful tender arms with mute embracing.

QUESTENBERG (*apparently much affected*).

O ! that you should speak
Of such a distant, distant time, and not
Of the to-morrow, not of this to-day.

MAX. (*turning round to him quick and vehement.*)

Where lies the fault but on you in Vienna ?
I will deal openly with you, Questenberg.
Just now, as first I saw you standing here,
(I'll own it to you freely) indignation
Crowded and prest my inmost soul together.
'Tis ye that hinder peace, *ye!*—and the warrior,
It is the warrior that must force it from you.
Ye fret the General's life out, blacken him,
Hold him up as a rebel, and Heaven knows
What else still worse, because he spares the Saxons,
And tries to awaken confidence in th' enemy ;
Which yet's the only way to peace : for if

War

War intermit not during war, *how* then
And *whence* can peace come?—Your own plagues
fall on you!

Even as I love what's virtuous, hate I you.
And here make I this vow, here pledge myself;
My blood shall spurt out for this Wallenstein,
And my heart drain off, drop by drop, ere ye
Shall revel and dance jubilee o'er his ruin.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

QUESTENBERG, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI.

QUESTENBERG.

Alas, alas! and stands it so?

(*then in pressing and impatient tones.*)

What, friend! and do we let him go away

In this delusion—let him go away?

Not call him back immediately, not open

His eyes upon the spot?

OCTAVIO (*recovering himself out of a deep study*).

He has now open'd mine,

And I see more than pleases me.

QUESTENBERG.

What is it?

OCTAVIO.

Curse on this journey!

QUESTENBERG.

But why so? What is it?

OCTAVIO.

OCTAVIO.

Come, come along, friend! I must follow up
 The ominous track immediately. Mine eyes
 Are open'd now, and I must use them. Come!
(draws Questenberg on with him.)

QUESTENBERG.

What now? *Where* go you then?

OCTAVIO.

To her herself.

QUESTENBERG.

To——

OCTAVIO (*interrupting him, and correcting himself.*)

To the Duke. Come, let us go.—'Tis done,
 'tis done!

I see the net that is thrown over him.

O! he returns not to me as he went.

QUESTENBERG.

Nay, but explain yourself.

OCTAVIO.

And that I should not

Foresee it, not prevent this journey! Wherefore
 Did I keep it from him?—You were in the right,
 I should have warn'd him! Now it is too late.

QUESTENBERG.

But *what's* too late? Bethink yourself, my friend,
 That you are talking absolute riddles to me.

OCTAVIO (*more collected*).

Come!—to the Duke's. 'Tis close upon the
 hour

Which

Which he appointed you for audience. Come!
A curse, a threefold curse, upon this journey!
(*He leads Zueftenberg off.*)

SCENE VI.

Changes to a spacious chamber in the house of the Duke of Friedland.—Servants employed in putting the tables and chairs in order. During this enters SENI, like an old Italian doctor, in black, and clothed somewhat fantastically. He carries a white staff, with which he marks out the quarters of the heaven.

FIRST SERVANT.

Come—to it, lads, to it! Make an end of it. I hear the sentry call out, “Stand to your arms!” They will be there in a minute.

SECOND SERVANT.

Why were we not told before that the audience would be held here? Nothing prepared—no orders—no instructions—

THIRD SERVANT.

Ay, and why was the balcony-chamber countermanded, that with the great worked carpet?—there one can look about one.

FIRST SERVANT.

Nay, that you must ask the mathematician there. He says it is an unlucky chamber.

SECOND

SECOND SERVANT.

Poh! stuff and nonsense! That's what I call a *hum*. A chamber is a chamber; what much can the place signify in the affair?

SENI (*with gravity*).

My son, there's *nothing* insignificant,
Nothing! But yet in every earthly thing
First and most principal is place and time.

FIRST SERVANT (*to the Second*).

Say nothing to him, Nat. The Duke himself
must let him have his own will.

SENI (*counts the chairs, half in a loud, half in
a low voice, till he comes to eleven, which he
repeats*).

Eleven! an evil number! Set twelve chairs.
Twelve! twelve signs hath the zodiac: five and
seven,
The holy numbers, include themselves in twelve.

SECOND SERVANT.

And what may you have to object against eleven?
I should like to know that now.

SENI.

Eleven is—transgression; eleven oversteps
The ten commandments.

SECOND SERVANT.

That's good! and why do you call five an holy
number?

SENI.

Five is the foul of man: for even as man

Is

Is mingled up of good and evil, so
The five is the first number that's made up
Of even and odd.

SECOND SERVANT.

The foolish old coxcomb !

FIRST SERVANT.

Ey ! let him alone though. I like to hear him ;
there is more in his words than can be seen at first
fight.

THIRD SERVANT.

Off ! They come.

SECOND SERVANT.

There ! Out at the side-door.

*(They hurry off. Seni follows slowly. A page
brings the staff of command on a red cushion,
and places it on the table near the Duke's
chair. They are announced from without,
and the wings of the door fly open.)*

SCENE VII.

WALLENSTEIN, DUCHESS.

WALLENSTEIN.

You went then through Vienna, were presented
To the Queen of Hungary ?

DUCHESS.

Yes ; and to the Empress too.
And by both Majesties were we admitted
To kiss the hand.

WALLEN-

WALLENSTEIN.

And how was it receiv'd,
That I had sent for wife and daughter hither
To the camp, in winter time?

DUCHESS.

I did even that
Which you commision'd me to do. I told them,
You had determin'd on our daughter's marriage,
And wish'd, ere yet you went into the field,
To shew th' elected husband his betroth'd.

WALLENSTEIN.

And did they guess the choice which I had made?

DUCHESS.

They only hop'd and wish'd it may have fallen
Upon no foreign nor yet Lutheran noble.

WALLENSTEIN.

And you—what do *you* wish, Elizabeth?

DUCHESS.

Your will, you know, was always mine.

WALLENSTEIN (*after a pause*).

Well then!

And in all else, of what kind and complexion
Was your reception at the court?

(*The Duchess casts her eyes on the ground, and
remains silent.*)

Hide nothing from me. How were you receiv'd?

DUCHESS.

O! my dear lord, all is not what it was.
A cankerworm, my lord, a cankerworm
Has stolen into the bud.

WALLEN-

WALLENSTEIN.

Ay! is it so?

What, they were lax? they fail'd of th' old respect?

DUCHESS.

Not of respect. No honors were omitted,
 No outward courtesy; but in the place
 Of condescending, confidential kindness,
 Familiar and endearing, there were given me
 Only these honors and that solemn courtesy.

Ah! and the tenderness which was put on,
 It was the guise of pity, not of favor.

No! Albrecht's wife, Duke Albrecht's princely
 wife,

Count Harrach's noble daughter, should not *so*—
 Not wholly *so* should she have been receiv'd.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes, yes; they have ta'en offence. My latest
 conduct,

They rail'd at it, no doubt.

DUCHESS.

O that they had!

I have been long accustom'd to defend you,
 To heal and pacify distemper'd spirits.

No; no one rail'd at you. They wrapp'd them up,
 O Heaven! in such oppressive, solemn silence!—

Here is no every-day misunderstanding,

No transient pique, no cloud that passes over;

Something most luckless, most unhealable,

Has taken place. The Queen of Hungary

Us'd formerly to call me her dear aunt,

And ever at departure to embrace me—

D

WALLEN-

WALLENSTEIN.

Now she omitted it?

DUCHESS (*wiping away her tears, after a pause.*)

She *did* embrace me,

But then first when I had already taken
My formal leave, and when the door already
Had clos'd upon me, then did she come out
In haste, as she had suddenly bethought herself,
And press'd me to her bosom, more with anguish
Than tenderness.

WALLENSTEIN (*seizes her hand soothingly.*)

Nay now, collect yourself.

And what of Eggenberg and Lichtenstein,
And of our other friends there?

DUCHESS (*shaking her head.*)

I saw none.

WALLENSTEIN.

Th' Ambassador from Spain, who once was wont
To plead so warmly for me?—

DUCHESS.

Silent, silent!

WALLENSTEIN.

These suns then are eclipsed for us. Henceforward
Must we roll on, our own fire, our own light.

DUCHESS.

And were it—were it, my dear lord, in that
Which mov'd about the Court in buzz and whisper,
But in the country let itself be heard
Aloud—in that which Father Lamormain
In fundry hints and——

WALLEN-

WALLENSTEIN (*eagerly*).

Lamormain! what said *he*?

DUCHESS.

That you're accused of having daringly
O'erstepp'd the powers entrusted to you, charg'd
With traiterous contempt of th' Emperor
And his supreme behests. The proud Bavarian,
He and the Spaniards stand up your accusers.—
That there's a storm collecting over you
Of far more fearful menace than that former one
Which whirl'd you headlong down at Regensburg.
And people talk, said he, of——Ah!—

(*Rising extreme emotion.*)

WALLENSTEIN.

Proceed!

DUCHESS.

I cannot utter it!

WALLENSTEIN.

Proceed!

DUCHESS.

They talk——

WALLENSTEIN.

Well!

DUCHESS.

Of a second——(*catches her
voice and hesitates.*)

WALLENSTEIN.

Second——

DUCHESS.

More disgraceful

——Dismission.

WALLENSTEIN.

Talk they?

(Strides across the chamber in vehement agitation)

O! they force, they thrust me
With violence, against my own will, onward!

DUCHESS. *(presses near to him, in entreaty.)*

O! if there yet be time, my husband! If
By giving way and by submission, this
Can be averted—my dear lord, give way!
Win down your proud heart to it! Tell that
heart,

It is your sovereign lord, your Emperor
Before whom you retreat. O let no longer
Low tricking malice blacken your good meaning
With abhor'd venomous glosses. Stand you up
Shielded and helm'd and weapon'd with the truth,
And drive before you into uttermost shame
These slanderous liars! Few firm friends have we.
You know it!—The swift growth of our good
fortune

It hath but set us up, a mark for hatred.
What are we, if the sovereign's grace and favour
Stand not before us!

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Enter the Countess TERTSKY, leading in her hand the Princess THEKLA, richly adorned with brilliants.

COUNTRESS, THEKLA, WALLENSTEIN,
DUCHESS.

COUNTRESS.

How, sister? What already upon business,
(observing the countenance of the Duchess)
And business of no pleasing kind I see,
Ere he has gladden'd at his child. The first
Moment belongs to joy. Here, Friedland! father!
This is thy daughter.

(Thekla approaches with a shy and timid air, and bends herself as about to kiss his hand. he receives her in his arms, and remains standing for some time lost in the feeling of her presence.)

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes; pure and lovely hath hope risen on me:
I take her as the pledge of greater fortune.

DUCHESS.

'Twas but a little child when you departed
To raise up that great army for the Emperor:
And after, at the close of the campaign,
When you return'd home out of Pomerania,
Your daughter was already in the convent,
Wherein she has remain'd till now.

WALLENSTEIN.

The while

We in the field here gave our cares and toils
 To make her great, and fight her a free way
 To the loftiest earthly good; lo! mother Nature
 Within the peaceful silent convent walls
 Has done her part, and out of her free grace
 Hath she bestowed on the beloved child
 The godlike; and now leads her thus adorned
 To meet her splendid fortune, and my hope.

DUCHESS. (*to Thekla*)

Thou wouldest not have recogniz'd thy father,
 Would'st thou, my child? She counted scarce
 eight years,
 When last she saw your face.

THEKLA.

O yes, yes, mother!
 At the first glance!—My father is not alter'd.
 The form, that stands before me, falsifies
 No feature of the image that hath liv'd
 So long within me!

WALLENSTEIN.

The voice of my child!

(*then after a pause*)

I was indignant at my destiny
 That it denied me a man-child to be
 Heir of my name and of my prosperous fortune,
 And re-illumine my soon extinguish'd being
 In a proud line of princes.
 I wrong'd my destiny. Here upon this head
 So lovely in its maiden bloom will I

Let

Let fall the garland of a life of war,
Nor deem it lost, if only I can wreath it
Transmitted to a regal ornament,
Around these beauteous brows.
(*He clasps her in his arms as Piccolomini enters.*)

SCENE IX.

*Enter MAX. PICCOLOMINI, and sometime after
Count TERTSKY, the others remaining as
before.*

COUNTESS.

There comes the Palladin who protected us.

WALLENSTEIN.

Max ! Welcome, ever welcome ! Always wert thou
The morning star of my best joys !

MAX.

My General——

WALLENSTEIN.

'Till now it was the Emperor who rewarded thee,
I but the instrument. This day thou hast bound
The father to thee, Max ! the fortunate father,
And this debt Friedland's self must pay.

MAX.

My prince !

You made no common hurry to transfer it.
I come with shame. Yea, not without a pang !
For scarce have I arriv'd here, scarce deliver'd
The mother and the daughter to your arms,

But there is brought to me from your equerry
 A splendid richly-plated hunting dress
 So to remunerate me for my trouble——
 Yes, yes, remunerate me ! Since a trouble
 It must be, a mere office, not a favour
 Which I leapt forward to receive, and which
 I came already with full heart to thank you for.
 No ! 'twas not so intended, that my business
 Should be my highest best good fortune !

(Tertsky enters, and delivers letters to the Duke, which he breaks open hurryingly.)

COUNTESS. *(to Max.)*

Remunerate your trouble ! For his joy
 He makes you recompense. 'Tis not unfitting
 For you, Count Piccolomini, to feel
 So tenderly—my brother it beseems
 To shew himself for ever great and princely.

THEKLA.

Then I too must have scruples of his love :
 For his munificent hands did ornament me
 Ere yet the father's heart had spoken to me.

MAX.

Yes ; 'tis his nature ever to be giving
 And making happy.

(He grasps the hand of the Duchess with still increasing warmth.)

How my heart pours out
 Its all of thanks to him : O ! how I seem
 To utter all things in the dear name Friedland.
 While I shall live, so long will I remain
 The captive of this name : in it shall bloom
 My

My every fortune, every lovely hope.
 Inextricably as in some magic ring
 In this name hath my destiny charm-bound me!

COUNTESS.

*(Who during this time has been anxiously
 watching the Duke, and remarks that he is
 lost in thought over the letters.)*

My brother wishes us to leave him. Come.

WALLENSTEIN.

*(Turns himself round quick, collects himself,
 and speaks with cheerfulness to the Duchess.)*

Once more I bid thee welcome to the camp,
 Thou art the hostess of this court. You, Max.
 Will now again administer your old office,
 While we perform the sovereign's business here.

*(Max. Piccolomini offers the Duchess his arm,
 the Countess accompanies the Princess.)*

TERTSKY. *(calling after him.)*

Max, we depend on seeing you at the meeting.

SCENE X.

WALLENSTEIN, COUNT TERTSKY.

WALLENSTEIN. *(in deep thought to himself.)*

She hath seen all things as they are—It is so,
 And squares completely with my other notices.
 They have determin'd finally in Vienna,
 Have given me my successor already;
 It is the king of Hungary, Ferdinand,

The

The Emperor's delicate son! he's now their saviour,
 He's the new star that's rising now! Of us
 They think themselves already fairly rid,
 And as we were deceas'd, the heir already
 Is entering on possession.—Therefore—dispatch!

*(As he turns round he observes Tertsky, and
 gives him a letter.)*

Count Altringer will have himself excus'd,
 And Galas too—I like not this!

TERTSKY.

And if
 Thou loiterest longer, all will fall away,
 One following the other.

WALLENSTEIN.

Altringer
 Is master of the Tyrole passes. I must forthwith
 Send some one to him, that he let not in
 The Spaniards on me from the Milanese.
 —Well, and the old Sefin, that ancient trader
 In contraband negotiations, he
 Has shewn himself again of late. What brings he
 From the Count Thur?

TERTSKY.

The Count communicates,
 He has found out the Swedish chancellor
 At Halberstadt, where the convention's held,
 Who says, you've tir'd him out, and that he'll
 have
 No further dealings with you.

WALLENSTEIN.

And why so?

TERTSKY.

TERTSKY.

He says, you are never in earnest in your speeches,
That you decoy the Swedes—to make fools of them,
Will league yourself with Saxony against them,
And at last make yourself a riddance of them
With a paltry sum of money.

WALLENSTEIN.

So then, doubtless,
Yes, doubtless, this same modest Swede expects
That I shall yield him some fair German tract
For his prey and booty, that ourselves at last
On our own soil and native territory,
May be no longer our own lords and masters!
An excellent scheme!—No, no! They must be off,
Off, off! away!—*we* want no such neighbours.

TERTSKY.

Nay, yield them up that dot, that speck of land—
It goes not from your portion. If you win
The game, what matters it to you who pays it?

WALLENSTEIN.

Off with them, off! Thou understand'st not this.
Never shall it be said of me, I parcell'd
My native land away, dismember'd Germany,
Betray'd it to a foreigner, in order
To come with stealthy tread, and filch away
My own share of the plunder.—Never! never!—
No foreign power shall strike root in the empire,
And least of all, these Goths! these hunger-
wolves!

Who send such envious, hot and greedy glances
T'wards the rich blessings of our German lands!

I'll

I'll have their aid to cast and draw my nets,
But not a fingle fish of all the draught
Shall they come in for.

TERTSKY.

You will deal, however,
More fairly with the Saxons? They lose patience
While you shift ground and make so many curves.
Say, to what purpose all these masks? Your
friends
Are plung'd in doubts, baffled, and led astray in
you.
There's Oxenstein, there's Arnheim—neither
knows
What he should think of your procrastinations.
And in the end I prove the liar; all
Passes through me. I have not even your hand-
writing.

WALLENSTEIN.

I never give my hand-writing; thou know'st it.

TERTSKY.

But how can it be *known* that you're in earnest,
If the act follows not upon the word?
You must yourself acknowledge, that in all
Your intercourses hitherto with th' enemy
You might have done with safety all you have done,
Had you meant nothing further than to gull him
For th' Emperor's service.

WALLENSTEIN (*after a pause, during which he
looks narrowly on Tertsky.*)

And from whence dost thou know
That I'm not gulling him for th' Emperor's service?
Whence

Whence knowest thou that I'm not gulling all of
you?

Dost thou know *me* so well? When made I thee
Th' intendant of my secret purposes?

I am not conscious that I ever open'd
My inmost thoughts to thee. Th' Emperor, it is
true,

Hath dealt with me amiss; and if I *would*,
I could repay him with usurious interest
For th' evil he hath done me. It delights me
To know my *power*; but whether I shall use it,
Of that, I should have thought that thou could'st
speak

No wiselier than thy fellows.

TERTSKY.

So hast thou always play'd thy game with us.

Enter ILLO.

SCENE XI.

ILLO, WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY.

WALLENSTEIN.

How stand affairs without? Are they prepar'd?

ILLO.

You'll find them in the very mood you wish.

They know about the Emperor's requisitions,
And are tumultuous.

WALLENSTEIN.

How hath Isolan

Declar'd himself?

ILLO.

ILLO.

He's your's, both foul and body,
Since you built up again his Faro-bank.

WALLENSTEIN.

And which way doth Kolatto bend?—Hast thou
Made fure of Tiefenbach and Deodate?

ILLO.

What Piccolomini does, that they do too.

WALLENSTEIN.

You mean then I may venture somewhat with
them?

ILLO.

—If you are assured of the Piccolomini.

WALLENSTEIN.

Not more assur'd of mine own self.

TERTSKY.

And yet
I would you trusted not so much to Octavio,
The fox!

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou teachest me to know my man?
Sixteen campaigns I have made with that old
warrior.

Besides, I have his horoscope,
We both are born beneath like stars—in short
(*with an air of mystery*)

To this belongs its own particular aspect.
If therefore thou canst warrant me the rest——

ILLO.

There is among them all but this one voice,

You

You *must* not lay down the command. I hear
They mean to send a deputation to you.

WALLENSTEIN.

If I'm in aught to bind myself to them,
They too must bind themselves to me.

ILLO.

Of course.

WALLENSTEIN.

Their words of honor they must give, their oaths,
Give them in writing to me, promising
Devotion to my service *unconditional*.

ILLO.

Why not?

TERTSKY.

Devotion *unconditional*?

The exception of their duties towards Austria
They'll always place among the premises.
With this reserve——

WALLENSTEIN (*shaking his head.*)

All *unconditional*!

No premises, no reserves.

ILLO.

A thought has struck me.

Does not Count Tertsky give us a set banquet
This evening?

TERTSKY.

Yes; and all the Generals
Have been invited.

ILLO

ILLO (*to Wallenstein.*)

Say, will you here fully
Commission me to use my own discretion?
I'll gain for you the Generals' words of honor,
Even as you wish.

WALLENSTEIN.

Gain me their signatures!
How you come by them, that is *your* concern.

ILLO.

And if I bring it to you, black on white,
That all the leaders who are present here
Give themselves up to you, without condition;
Say, will you *then—then* will you shew yourself
In earnest, and with some decisive action
Make trial of your luck?

WALLENSTEIN.

The signatures!
Gain me the signatures.

ILLO.

Seize, seize the hour
Ere it slips from you. Seldom comes the moment
In life, which is indeed sublime and weighty.
To make a great decision possible,
O! many things, all transient and all rapid,
Must meet at once: and, haply, they thus met
May by that confluence be enforc'd to pause
Time long enough for wisdom, though too short,
Far, far too short a time for doubt and scruple!
This is that moment. See, our army chieftains,
Our best, our noblest, are assembled round you,
Their

Their kinglike leader! On your nod they wait.
The single threads, which here your prosperous
fortune

Hath woven together in one potent web
Instinct with destiny, O let them not
Unravel of themselves. If you permit
These chiefs to separate, so unanimous
Bring you them not a second time together.
'Tis the high tide that heaves the stranded ship,
And every individual's spirit waxes
In the great stream of multitude. Behold,
They are still here, here still! But soon the war
Bursts them once more asunder, and in small
Particular anxieties and interests
Scatters their spirit, and the sympathy
Of each man with the whole. He, who to-day
Forgets himself, forc'd onward with the stream,
Will become sober, seeing but himself,
Feel only his own weakness, and with speed
Will face about, and march on in the old
High road of duty, the old broad-trodden road,
And seek but to make shelter in good plight.

WALLENSTEIN.

The time is not yet come.

TERTSKY.

So you say always.
But *when* will it be time?

WALLENSTEIN.

When I shall say it.

ILLO.

You'll wait upon the stars, and on their hours,

E

Till

Till the earthly hour escapes you. O, believe me,
 In your own bosom are your destiny's stars.
 Confidence in yourself, prompt resolution,
 This is your VENUS! and the sole malignant,
 The only one that harmeth you, is DOUBT.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou speakest as thou understand'st. How oft
 And many a time I've told thee, Jupiter,
 That lustrous god, was setting at thy birth.
 Thy visual power subdues no mysteries;
 Mole-ey'd, thou may'st but burrow in the earth,
 Blind as that subterrestrial, who with wan,
 Lead-colour'd shine lighted thee into life.
 The common, the terrestrial, thou may'st see,
 With serviceable cunning knit together
 The nearest with the nearest; and therein
 I trust thee and believe thee! but whate'er
 Full of mysterious import Nature weaves,
 And fashions in the depths—the spirit's ladder,
 That from this gross and visible world of dust
 Even to the starry world, with thousand rounds,
 Builds itself up; on which the unseen powers
 Move up and down on heavenly ministeries—
 The circles in the circles, that approach
 The central sun with ever-narrowing orbit—
 These sees the glance alone, the unseal'd eye,
 Of Jupiter's glad children born in lustre.

*(He walks across the chamber, then returns, and,
 standing still, proceeds.)*

The heavenly constellations make not merely
 The day and night, summer and spring, not merely
 Signify

Signify to the husbandman the seasons
 Of sowing and of harvest. Human action,
 That is the seed too of contingencies,
 Strew'd on the dark land of futurity
 In hopes to reconcile the powers of fate.
 Whence it behoves us to seek out the seed-time,
 To watch the stars, select their proper hours,
 And trace with searching eye the heavenly houses,
 Whether the enemy of growth and thriving
 Hide himself not, malignant, in his corner.
 Therefore permit me my own time. Meanwhile
 Do you your part. As yet I cannot say
 What *I* shall do—only, give way I will not.
 Depose me too they shall not. On these points
 You may rely.

PAGE (*entering.*)

My Lords, the Generals.

WALLENSTEIN.

Let them come in.

SCENE XII.

Wallenstein, Tertsky, Illo.—To them enter Questenberg, Octavio and Max. Piccolomini, Butler, Isolani, Maradas, and three other Generals. Wallenstein motions Questenberg, who in consequence takes the Chair directly opposite to him; the others follow, arranging themselves according to their Rank. There reigns a momentary Silence.

WALLENSTEIN.

I have understood, 'tis true, the sum and import
Of your instructions, Questenberg, have weigh'd
them,

And form'd my final, absolute resolve;
Yet it seems fitting, that the Generals
Should hear the will of th' Emperor from your
mouth.

May't please you then to open your commission
Before these noble Chieftains.

QUESTENBERG.

I am ready
To obey you; but will first entreat your Highness,
And all these noble Chieftains, to consider,
Th' Imperial dignity and sov'reign right
Speaks from my mouth, and not my own presumption.

WALLENSTEIN.

We excuse all preface.

QUESTENBERG.

QUESTENBERG.

When his Majesty

The Emperor to his courageous armies
 Presented in the person of Duke Friedland
 A most experienc'd and renown'd commander,
 He did it in glad hope and confidence
 To give thereby to the fortune of the war
 A rapid and auspicious change. The onset
 Was favourable to his royal wishes.

Bohemia was deliver'd from the Saxons,
 The Swede's career of conquest check'd! These
 lands

Began to draw breath freely, as Duke Friedland
 From all the streams of Germany forc'd hither
 The scatter'd armies of the enemy,
 Hither invok'd as round one magic circle
 The Rhinegrave, Bernhard, Banner, Oxenstirn,
 Yea, and that never-conquer'd King himself;
 Here finally, before the eye of Nürnberg,
 The fearful game of battle to decide.

WALLENSTEIN.

May't please you, to the point.

QUESTENBERG.

In Nürnberg's camp the Swedish monarch left
 His fame—in Lützen's plains his life. But who
 Stood not astounded, when victorious Friedland
 After this day of triumph, this proud day,
 March'd toward Bohemia with the speed of flight,
 And vanish'd from the theatre of war;
 While the young Weimar hero forc'd his way
 Into Franconia, to the Danube, like

Some delving winter-stream, which, where it rushes,
 Makes its own channel; with such sudden speed
 He march'd, and now at once 'fore Regenspurg
 Stood to th' affright of all good Catholic Christians.
 Then did Bavaria's well-deserving Prince
 Entreat swift aidance in his extreme need;
 The Emperor sends seven horsemen to Duke
 Friedland,

Seven horsemen couriers sends he with th' entreaty:
 He superadds his own, and supplicates
 Where as the sovereign lord he can command.
 In vain his supplication! At this moment
 The Duke hears only his old hate and grudge,
 Barter the general good to gratify
 Private revenge—and so falls Regenspurg.

WALLENSTEIN.

Max. to what period of the war alludes he?
 My recollection fails me here.

MAX.

He means
 When we were in Silesia.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ay! Is it so?
 But what had we to do *there*?

MAX.

To beat out
 The Swedes and Saxons from the province.

WALLENSTEIN.

True.
 In that description which the Minister gave
 I seem'd to have forgotten the whole war.

(to

(to *Questenberg*)

Well, but proceed a little.

QUESTENBERG.

Yes! at length

Beside the river Oder did the Duke
 Assert his ancient fame. Upon the fields
 Of Steinau did the Swedes lay down their arms,
 Subdued without a blow. And here, with others,
 The righteousness of Heaven to his avenger
 Deliver'd that long-practis'd stirrer-up
 Of insurrection, that curse-laden torch
 And kindler of this war, Matthias Thur.
 But he had fallen into magnanimous hands;
 Instead of punishment he found reward,
 And with rich presents did the Duke dismiss
 The arch-foe of his Emperor.

WALLENSTEIN. (*laughs*)

I know,

I know you had already in Vienna
 Your windows and balconies all forestall'd
 To see him on the executioner's cart.
 I might have lost the battle, lost it too
 With infamy, and still retain'd your graces—
 But, to have cheated them of a spectacle,
 Oh! *that* the good folks of Vienna never,
 No, never can forgive me.

QUESTENBERG.

So Silesia

Was freed, and all things loudly call'd the Duke
 Into Bavaria, now press'd hard on all sides.

And he *did* put his troops in motion: slowly,
Quite at his ease, and by the longest road
He traverses Bohemia; but ere ever
He hath once seen the enemy, faces round,
Breaks up the march, and takes to winter quarters.

WALLENSTEIN.

The troops were pitiably destitute
Of every necessary, every comfort.
The winter came. What thinks his Majesty
His troops are made of? An't we men? subjected
Like other men to wet, and cold, and all
The circumstances of necessity?
O miserable lot of the poor soldier!
Wherever he comes in, all flee before him,
And when he goes away, the general curse
Follows him on his rout. All must be seiz'd,
Nothing is given him. And compell'd to seize
From every man, he's every man's abhorrence.
Behold, here stand my Generals. Karaffa!
Count Deodate! Butler! Tell this man
How long the soldiers' pay is in arrears.

BUTLER.

Already a full year.

WALLENSTEIN.

And 'tis the hire
That constitutes the hireling's name and duties.
The soldier's *pay* is the soldier's *covenant**.

QUES-

* The original is not translatable into English:

— Und sein *sold*
Muss dem *soldaten* werden, darnach heisst er.

QUESTENBERG.

Ah ! this is a far other tone from that
In which the Duke spoke eight, nine years ago.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes ! 'tis my fault, I know it : I myself
Have spoilt the Emperor by indulging him.
Nine years ago, during the Danish war,
I rais'd him up a force, a mighty force,
Forty or fifty thousand men, that cost him
Of his own purse no doit. Through Saxony
The fury goddess of the war march'd on,
E'en to the furr-rocks of the Baltic, bearing
The terrors of his name. That was a time !
In the whole Imperial realm no name like mine
Honor'd with festival and celebration—
And Albrecht WALLENSTEIN, it was the title
Of the third jewel in his crown !
But at the Diet, when the Princes met
At Regenspurg, there, there the whole broke out,
There 'twas laid open, there it was made known,
Out of what money-bag I had paid the host.
And what was now my thank, what had I now,
That I, a faithful servant of the Sovereign,
Had loaded on myself the people's curses,
And let the Princes of the empire pay
The expences of this war, that aggrandizes

It might perhaps have been thus rendered :

“ And that for which he sold his services,

“ The soldier must receive.”

But a false or doubtful etymology is no more than a dull pun.

The

The Emperor alone—What thanks had I !
 What ? I was offer'd up to their complaints,
 Dismiss'd, degraded !

QUESTENBERG.

But your Highness knows
 What little freedom he possess'd of action
 In that disastrous diet.

WALLENSTEIN.

Death and hell !

I had that which could have procur'd him freedom.
 No ! Since 'twas prov'd so inauspicious to me
 To serve the Emperor at the empire's cost,
 I have been taught far other trains of thinking
 Of th' empire, and the diet of the empire.
 From th' Emperor, doubtless, I receiv'd this staff,
 But now I hold it as the empire's general—
 For the common weal, the universal int'rest,
 And no more for that one man's aggrandizement !
 But to the point. What is it that's desir'd of me ?

QUESTENBERG.

First, his Imperial Majesty hath will'd
 That without pretexts of delay the army
 Evacuate Bohemia.

WALLENSTEIN.

In this season ?

And to what quarter, wills the Emperor,
 That we direct our course ?

QUESTENBERG.

To the enemy.

His Majesty resolves, that Regenspurg
 Be purified from the enemy, ere Easter,

That

That Luth'ranism may be no longer preach'd
In that cathedral, nor heretical
Defilement defacrate the celebration
Of that pure festival.

WALLENSTEIN.

My generals,
Can this be realiz'd ?

ILLO.

'Tis not possible.

BUTLER.

It can't be realiz'd.

QUESTENBERG.

The Emperor
Already hath commanded colonel Suys
To advance toward Bavaria ?

WALLENSTEIN.

What did Suys ?

QUESTENBERG.

That which his duty prompted. He advanc'd !

WALLENSTEIN.

What ? he advanc'd ? And I, his general,
Had given him orders, peremptory orders,
Not to desert his station ! Stands it thus
With my authority ? Is this th' obedience
Due to my office, which being thrown aside
No war can be conducted ? Chieftains, speak !
You be the judges, generals ! What deserves
That officer, who of his oath neglectful
Is guilty of contempt of orders ?

ILLO.

Death.

WALLENSTEIN.

(raising his voice, as all, but Illo, had remained silent, and seemingly scrupulous)

Count Piccolomini! what has he deserv'd?

MAX. PICCOLOMINI. *(After a long pause)*

According to the letter of the law,
Death.

ISOLANI.

Death.

BUTLER.

Death, by the laws of war.

(Questenberg rises from his seat, Wallenstein follows, all the rest rise)

WALLENSTEIN.

To this the law condemns him, and not I.
And if I shew him favour, 'twill arise
From the rev'rence that I owe my Emperor.

QUESTENBERG.

If so, I can say nothing further—*here!*

WALLENSTEIN.

I accepted the command but on conditions!
And this the first, that to the diminution
Of my authority no human being,
Not even the Emperor's self, should be entitled
To do aught, or to say aught, with the army.
If I stand warranter of the *event*,
Placing my honour and my head in pledge,
Needs must I have full mastery in all

The

The means thereto. What render'd this Gustavus
 Resistless, and unconquer'd upon earth?
 This: that he was the monarch in his army;
 A monarch, one who is indeed a monarch,
 Was never yet subdued but by his equal.
 But to the point! The best is yet to come.
 Attend now, generals!

QUESTENBERG.

The prince Cardinal
 Begins his route at the approach of spring
 From the Milanese; and leads a Spanish army
 Thro' Germany into the Netherlands.
 That he may march secure and unimpeded,
 'Tis th' Emperor's will, you grant him a detach-
 ment
 Of eight horse-regiments from the army here.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes, yes! I understand!—Eight regiments! Well,
 Right well concerted, father Lamormain!
 Eight thousand horse! Yes, yes! 'Tis as it should
 be!
 I see it coming.

QUESTENBERG.

There is nothing coming.
 All stands in front: the counsel of state-prudence,
 The dictate of necessity!—

WALLENSTEIN.

What then?
 What, my Lord Envoy? May I not be suffer'd
 To understand, that folks are tir'd of seeing
 The

The sword's hilt in *my* grasp: and that your court
 Snatch eagerly at this pretence, and use
 The Spanish title, to drain off my forces,
 To lead into the empire a new army
 Unsubjected to my controul. To throw me
 Plumply aside,—I am still too powerful for you
 To venture that. My stipulation runs,
 That all the Imperial forces shall obey me
 Where-e'er the German is the native language.
 Of Spanish troops and of Prince Cardinals
 That take their route, as visitors, thro' the empire,
 There stands no syllable in my stipulation.
 No syllable! And so the politic court
 Steals in a tiptoe, and creeps round behind it;
 First makes me weaker, then to be dispens'd with,
 Till it dares strike at length a bolder blow
 And make short work with me.
 What need of all these crooked ways, Lord Envoy?
 Straight-forward, man! His compact with me
 pinches

The Emperor. He would that I mov'd off!—
 Well!—I will gratify him!—

*(Here there commences an agitation among the
 generals which increases continually.)*

It grieves me for my noble officers sakes!
 I see not yet, by what means they will come at
 The moneys they have advanced, or how obtain
 The recompence their services demand.
 Still a new leader brings new claimants forward,
 And prior merit superannuates quickly.
 There serve here many foreigners in th' army,
 And

And were the man in all else brave and gallant,
I was not wont to make nice scrutiny
After his pedigree or catechism.
This will be otherwise, i'the time to come.
Well—me no longer it concerns.

(He seats himself.)

MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

Forbid it Heaven, that it should come to this !
Our troops will swell in dreadful fermentation—
The Emperor is abus'd—it cannot be.

ISOLANI.

It cannot be ; all goes to instant wreck.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou hast said truly, faithful Isolani !
What *we* with toil and foresight have built up,
Will go to wreck—all go to instant wreck.
What then ? another chieftain is soon found,
Another army likewise (who dares doubt it ?)
Will flock from all sides to the Emperor
At the first beat of his recruiting drum.

*(During this speech, Isolani, Tertsky, Illo, and
Maradas, talk confusedly with great agi-
tation.)*

MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

*(Busily, and passionately going from one to
another, and soothing them.)*

Hear, my commander ! Hear me, generals !
Let me conjure you, Duke ! Determine nothing,
Till we have met and represented to you

Our

Our joint remonstrances.—Nay, calmer! Friends!
I hope all may be yet set right again.

TERTSKY.

Away! let us away! in th' antichamber
Find we the others. *[They go.]*

BUTLER. *(to Questenberg.)*

If good counsel gain
Due audience from your wisdom, my Lord Envoy!
You will be cautious how you shew yourself
In public for some hours to come—or hardly
Will that gold key protect you from mal-treat-
ment.

(Commutations heard from without.)

WALLENSTEIN.

A salutary counsel——Thou, Octavio!
Wilt answer for the safety of our guest.
Farewell, Von Questenberg!

(Questenberg is about to speak.)

Nay, not a word.

Not one word more of that detested subject!
You have perform'd your duty—We know how
To separate the office from the man.

*(As Questenberg is going off with Octavio, Goetz,
Tiefenbach, Kollatto, press in, several other
generals following them.)*

GOETZ.

Where's he, who means to rob us of our general?

TIEFENBACH. *(at the same time.)*

What are we forc'd to hear? That thou wilt
leave us?

KOL-

FIRST PART OF WALLENSTEIN. 65

KOLATTO. (*at the same time.*)

We will live with thee, we will die with thee.

WALLENSTEIN. (*with stateliness, and pointing to Illo.*)

There! the Field-Marshal knows our will.

[*Exit.*

(*While all are going off the stage, the curtain drops.*)

END OF ACT I.

F

ACT II.

ACT II.

Scene a small Chamber.

SCENE I.

ILLO and TERTSKY.

TERTSKY.

Now for this evening's business ! How intend you
To manage with the generals at the banquet ?

ILLO.

Attend ! We frame a formal declaration,
Wherein we to the Duke consign ourselves
Collectively, to be and to remain
His both with life and limb, and not to spare
The last drop of our blood for *him*, provided
So doing we infringe no oath or duty,
We may be under to the Emp'ror.—Mark !
This reservation we expressly make
In a particular clause, and save the conscience.
Now hear ! This formula so fram'd and worded
Will be presented to them for perusal
Before the banquet. No one will find in it
Cause of offence or scruple. Hear now further !
After the feast, when now the vap'ring wine

Opens

Opens the heart, and shuts the eyes, we let
A counterfeited paper, in the which
This one particular clause has been left out,
Go round for signatures.

TERTSKY.

How? think you then
That they'll believe themselves bound by an oath,
Which we had trick'd them into by a juggle?

ILLO.

We shall have caught and cag'd them! Let them
then
Beat their wings bare against the wires, and rave
Loud as they may against our treachery,
At court their signatures will be believ'd
Far more than their most holy affirmations.
Traitors they are, and must be; therefore wisely
Will make a virtue of necessity.

TERTSKY.

Well, well, it shall content me; let but something
Be *done*, let only some decisive blow
Set us in motion.

ILLO.

Besides, 'tis of subordinate importance
How, or how far, we may thereby propel
The generals. 'Tis enough that we persuade
The Duke, that they are his—Let him but act
In his determin'd mood, as if he had them,
And he *will* have them. Where he plunges in,
He makes a whirlpool, and all stream down to it.

TERTSKY.

His policy is such a labyrinth,
 That many a time when I have thought myself
 Close at his side, he's gone at once, and left me
 Ignorant of the ground where I was standing.
 He lends the enemy his ear, permits me
 To write to them, to Arnheim; to Sefina
 Himself comes forward blank and undisguis'd;
 Talks with us by the hour about his plans,
 And when I think I have him—off at once——
 He has slipp'd from me, and appears as if
 He had no scheme, but to retain his place.

ILLO.

He give up his old plans! I'll tell you, friend!
 His soul is occupied with nothing else,
 Even in his sleep—They are his thoughts, his
 dreams——
 That day by day he questions for this purpose
 The motions of the planets——

TERTSKY.

Ay! you know
 This night, that is now coming, he with SENI
 Shuts himself up in the astrological tower
 To make joint observations—for I hear,
 It is to be a night of weight and crisis,
 And something great, and of long expectation,
 Is to make its procession in the heaven.

ILLO.

Come! be we bold and make dispatch. The work
 In this next day or two must thrive and grow
 More

More than it has for years. And let but only
Things first turn up auspicious here below—
Mark what I say—the right stars too will shew
themselves.

Come, to the generals. All is in the glow,
And must be beaten while 'tis malleable.

TERTSKY.

Do you go thither, Illo. I must stay
And *wait* here for the Countess Tertsky. Know,
That we too are not idle. Break one string,
A second is in readiness,

ILLO.

Yes! Yes!

I saw your Lady smile with such fly meaning,
What's in the wind?

TERTSKY.

A secret. Hush! she comes.

[*Exit Illo.*

SCENE II.

(*The Countess steps out from a closet.*)

COUNT and COUNTESS TERTSKY.

TERTSKY.

Well—is she coming—I can keep him back
No longer.

COUNTESS,

She will be there instantly.

You only send him.

TERTSKY.

I am not quite certain
I must confess it, Countess, whether or no
We are earning the Duke's thanks hereby. You
know,

No ray has broke out from him on this point.
You have o'er rul'd me, and yourself know best,
How far you dare proceed.

COUNTESS.

I take it on me.

(talking to herself, while she is advancing.)

Here's no need of full powers and commissions—
My cloudy Duke! we understand each other—
And without words. What, could I not unriddle,
Wherefore the daughter should be sent for hither,
Why first *he*, and no other, should be chosen
To fetch her hither! This sham of betrothing her
To a bridegroom*, when no one knows—No!
no!——

This may blind others! I see thro' thee, Brother!
But it beseems thee not, to draw a card
At such a game. Not yet!—It all remains
Mutely deliver'd up to my finessing—
Well—thou shalt not have been deceiv'd, Duke
Friedland!

In her who is thy sister.——

* In Germany, after honourable addresses have been paid and formally accepted, the lovers are called Bride and Bridegroom, even though the marriage should not take place till years afterwards.

SERVANT.

SERVANT. (*enters.*)

The commanders !

TERTSKY. (*to the Countess.*)

Take care you heat his fancy and affections—
Possess him with a reverie, and send him,
Absent, and dreaming, to the banquet ; that
He may not boggle at the signature.

COUNTESS.

Take you care of your guests !—Go, send him
hither.

TERTSKY.

All rests upon his undersigning.

COUNTESS. (*interrupting him.*)

Go to your guests ! Go——

ILLO. (*comes back.*)

Where art staying, Tertsky ?

The house is full, and all expecting you.

TERTSKY.

Instantly ! instantly !

(*To the Countess.*)

And let him not

Stay here too long. It might awake suspicion

In the old man——

COUNTESS.

A truce with your precautions !

[*Exeunt Tertsky and Illo.*]

SCENE III.

COUNTESS, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

MAX. (*peeping in on the stage shily.*)

Aunt Tertky! may I venture?

(*Advances to the middle of the stage, and looks around him with uneasiness.*)

She's not here!

Where is she?

COUNTESS.

Look but somewhat narrowly
In yonder corner, left perhaps she lie
Conceal'd behind that screen.

MAX.

There lie her gloves!

(*Snatches at them, but the Countess takes them herself.*)You unkind Lady! You refuse me this—
You make it an amusement to torment me.

COUNTESS.

And this the thank you give me for my trouble?

MAX.

O, if you felt the oppression at *my* heart!
Since we've been here, so to constrain myself—
With such poor stealth to hazard words and
glances—
These, these are not my habits!

COUNTESS.

You have still
Many new habits to acquire, young friend!

But

But on this proof of your obedient temper
I must continue to insist; and only
On this condition can I play the agent
For your concerns.

MAX.

But wherefore comes she not?
Where is she?

COUNTESS.

Into *my* hands you must place it
Whole and entire. Whom could you find, indeed,
More zealously affected to your interest?
No soul on earth must know it—not your father.
He must not above all.

MAX.

Alas! what danger?
Here is no face on which I might center
All, the enraptur'd soul stirs up within me.
O Lady! tell me. Is all chang'd around me;
Or is it only I?

I find myself,
As among strangers! Not a trace is left
Of all my former wishes, former joys.
Where has it vanish'd to? There was a time
When ev'n, methought, with such a world, as this,
I was not discontented. Now how flat!
How stale! No life, no bloom, no flavour in it!
My comrades are intolerable to me.
My father—Even to him I can say nothing.
My arms, my military duties—O!
They are such wearying toys!

COUNTESS.

COUNTESS.

But, gentle friend !

I must entreat it of your condescension,
 You would be pleas'd to sink your eye, and favour
 With one short glance or two this poor stale world,
 Where even now much, and of much moment,
 Is on the eve of its completion.

MAX.

Something,

I can't but know, is going forward round me.
 I see it gath'ring, crowding, driving on,
 In wild uncustomary movements. Well,
 In due time, doubtless, it will reach even me.
 Where think you I have been, dear lady ? Nay,
 No raillery. The turmoil of the camp,
 The spring-tide of acquaintance rolling in,
 The pointless jest, the empty conversation,
 Oppress'd and stifled me. I gasp'd for air—
 I could not breathe—I was constrain'd to fly,
 To seek a silence out for my full heart ;
 And a pure spot wherein to feel my happiness.
 No smiling, Countess ! In the church was I.
 There is a cloister here to the * heaven's gate,
 Thither I went, there found myself alone.
 Over the altar hung an holy mother ;
 A wretched painting 'twas, yet 'twas the friend

* I am doubtful whether this be the dedication of the cloister, or the name of one of the city gates, near which it stood. I have translated it in the former sense ; but fearful of having made some blunder, I add the original.—Es ist ein Kloster hier zur Himmelfahrt.

That

That I was seeking in this moment. Ah,
 How oft have I beheld that glorious form
 In splendour, mid extatic worshippers;
 Yet, still it mov'd me not ! and now at once
 Was my devotion cloudless as my love.

COUNTESS.

Enjoy your fortune and felicity !
 Forget the world around you. Meantime, friend-
 ship
 Shall keep strict vigils for you, anxious, active.
 Only be manageable when that friendship
 Points you the road to full accomplishment.
 How long may it be since you declared your passion ?

MAX.

This morning did I hazard the first word.

COUNTESS.

This morning the first time in twenty days ?

MAX.

'Twas at that hunting-castle, betwixt here
 And Nepomuck, where *you* had join'd us, and—
 That was the last relay of the whole journey !
 In a balcony we were standing mute,
 And gazing out upon the dreary field :
 Before us the dragoons were riding onward,
 The safe-guard which the Duke had sent us—heavy
 The inquietude of parting lay upon me,
 And trembling ventur'd I at length these words :
 This all reminds me, noble maiden, that
 To-day I must take leave of my good fortune.

A few hours more, and you will find a father,
 Will see yourself surrounded by new friends,
 And I henceforth shall be but as a stranger,
 Lost in the many—"Speak with my aunt Tertsky!"
 With hurrying voice she interrupted me.
 She falter'd. I beheld a glowing red
 Possess her beautiful cheeks, and from the ground
 Rais'd slowly up her eye met mine—no longer
 Did I controul myself.

*(The Princess Thekla appears at the door, and
 remains standing, observed by the Countess,
 but not by Piccolomini.)*

With instant boldness
 I caught her in my arms, my mouth touch'd her's ;
 There was a rustling in the room close by ;
 It parted us—'Twas you. What since has hap-
 pened,
 You know.

COUNTESS.

(after a pause, with a stolen glance at Thekla.)
 And is it your excess of modesty ;
 Or are you so incurious, that you do not
 Ask me too of my secret ?

MAX.

Of your secret ?

COUNTESS.

Why, yes ! When in the instant after you
 I stepp'd into the room, and found my niece there,
 What she in this first moment of the heart
 Ta'en with surprise—

MAX. *(with eagerness.)*

Well ?

SCENE

SCENE IV.

THEKLA (*hurries forward*), COUNTESS, MAX.

PICCOLOMINI.

THEKLA. (*to the Countess*)

Spare yourself the trouble.
That hears he better from myself.

MAX. (*stepping backward*)

My Princess!
What have you let her hear me say, aunt Tertsky!

THEKLA. (*to the Countess*)

Has he been here long?

COUNTESS.

Yes; and soon must go.
Where have *you* stay'd so long?

THEKLA.

Alas! my mother
Wept so again! and I—I see her suffer,
Yet cannot keep myself from being happy.

MAX.

Now once again I have courage to look on you.
To-day at noon I could not.
The dazzle of the jewels that play'd round you
Hid the beloved from me.

THEKLA.

Then you saw me
With your eye only—and not with your heart?

MAX.

This morning, when I found you in the circle
Of all your kindred, in your father's arms,
Beheld myself an alien in this circle,
O! what an impulse felt I in that moment

To

To fall upon his neck, to call him *father*!
 But his stern eye o'erpower'd the swelling passion—
 It dar'd not but be silent. And those brilliants,
 That like a crown of stars enwreath'd your brows,
 They scar'd me too! O wherefore, wherefore
 should he

At the first meeting spread as 'twere the bann
 Of excommunication round you, wherefore
 Dress up the angel as for sacrifice,
 And cast upon the light and joyous heart
 The mournful burthen of *his* station? Fitly
 May love dare woo for love; but such a splendour
 Might none but monarchs venture to approach.

THEKLA.

Hush! not a word more of this mummery.
 You see how soon the burthen is thrown off.

(*to the Countess.*)

He is not in spirits. Wherefore is he not?
 'Tis you, aunt, that have made him all so gloomy!
 He had quite another nature on the journey—
 So calm, so bright, so joyous eloquent.

(*to Max.*)

It was my wish to see you always so,
 And never otherwise!

MAX.

 You find yourself
 In your great father's arms, beloved lady!
 All in a new world, which does homage to you,
 And which, were't only by its novelty,
 Delights your eye.

THEKLA.

Yes; I confess to you

That

That many things delight me here: this camp,
This motley stage of warriors, which renews
So manifold the image of my fancy,
And binds to life, binds to reality,
What hitherto had but been present to me
As a sweet dream!

MAX.

Alas! not so to me.

It makes a dream of my reality.
Upon some island in the etherial heights
I've liv'd for these last days. This mass of men
Forces me down to earth. It is a bridge
That, reconducting to my former life,
Divides me and my heaven.

THEKLA.

The game of life
Looks cheerful, when one carries in one's heart
The unalienable treasure. 'Tis a game,
Which having once review'd, I turn more joyous
Back to my deeper and appropriate bliss.

(breaking off, and in a sportive tone)

In this short time that I've been present here,
What new unheard-of things have I not seen?
And yet they all must give place to the wonder
Which this mysterious castle guards.

COUNTESS. *(recollecting)*

And what

Can this be then? Methought I was acquainted
With all the dusky corners of this house.

THEKLA. *(smiling)*

Ay, but the road thereto is watch'd by spirits,
Two griffins still stand sentry at the door.

COUN-

COUNTESS. (*laughs*)

The astrological tower!—How happens it
That this same sanctuary, whose access
Is to all others so impracticable,
Opens before you e'en at your approach?

THEKLA.

A dwarfish old man with a friendly face
And snow-white hairs, whose gracious services
Were mine at first sight, open'd me the doors.

MAX.

That is the Duke's astrologer; old Seni.

THEKLA.

He question'd me on many points; for instance;
When I was born, what month, and on what day;
Whether by day or in the night.

COUNTESS.

He wish'd
To erect a figure for your horoscope.

THEKLA.

My hand too he examin'd, shook his head
With much sad meaning, and the lines, methought,
Did not square over truly with his wishes.

COUNTESS.

Well, Princess, and what found you in this tower?
My highest privilege has been to snatch
A side-glance, and away!

THEKLA.

It was a strange
Sensation that came o'er me, when at first
From the broad sunshine I stepp'd in; and now
The narrowing line of day-light, that ran after
The closing door, was gone; and all about me
'Twas pale and dusky night, with many shadows
Fantas-

Fantastically cast. Here fix or seven
 Colossal statues, and all kings, stood round me
 In a half-circle. Each one in his hand
 A sceptre bore, and on his head a star,
 And in the tower no other light was there
 But from these stars; all seem'd to come from them.
 'These are the planets,' said that low old man,
 'They govern worldly fates, and for that cause
 'Are imag'd here as kings. He farthest from you,
 'Spiteful and cold, an old man melancholy,
 'With bent and yellow forehead, he is SATURN.
 'He opposite, the king with the red light,
 'An arm'd man for the battle, that is MARS:
 'And both these bring but little luck to man.'
 But at his side a lovely lady stood,
 The star upon her head was soft and bright,
 And that was VENUS, the bright star of joy.
 On the left hand, lo! MERCURY, with wings.
 Quite in the middle glitter'd silver-bright
 A cheerful man, and with a monarch's mien;
 And this was JUPITER, my father's star:
 And at his side I saw the SUN and MOON.

MAX.

O never rudely will I blame his faith
 In the might of stars and angels! 'Tis not merely
 The human being's PRIDE that peoples space
 With life and mystical predominance;
 Since likewise for the stricken heart of LOVE
 This visible nature, and this common world,
 Is all too narrow: yea, a deeper import
 Lurks in the legend told my infant years
 Than lies upon that truth, we live to learn.

G

For

For fable is Love's world, his home, his birth-place:
 Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans,
 And spirits; and delightedly believes
 Divinities, being himself divine.
 The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
 The fair humanities of old religion,
 The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty,
 That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
 Or forest by flow stream, or pebbly spring,
 Or chafms and wat'ry depths; all these have vanish'd.
 They live no longer in the faith of reason!
 But still the heart doth need a language, still
 Doth the old instinct bring back the old names.
 And to yon starry world they now are gone,
 * Spirits or gods, that us'd to share this earth
 With man as with their friend; and to the lover
 Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
 Shoot influence down: and even at this day
 'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
 And Venus who brings every thing that's fair!

THEKLA.

And if this be the science of the stars,
 I too, with glad and zealous industry,
 Will learn acquaintance with this cheerful faith.
 It is a gentle and affectionate thought,
 That in immeasurable heights above us,
 At our first birth, the wreath of love was woven,
 With sparkling stars for flowers.

COUNTESS.

Not only roses,
 But thorns too hath the heaven; and well for you,

* No more of talk, where god or angel guest
 With man, as with his friend familiar, us'd
 To sit indulgent.

Leave they your wreath of love inviolate.
 What Venus twin'd, the bearer of glad fortune,
 The fullen orb of Mars soon tears to pieces.

MAX.

Soon will his gloomy empire reach its close.
 Blest be the General's zeal : into the laurel
 Will he inweave the olive-branch, presenting
 Peace to the shouting nations. Then no wish
 Will have remain'd for his great heart ! Enough
 Has he perform'd for glory, and can now
 Live for himself and his. To his domains
 Will he retire ; he has a stately seat
 Of fairest view at Gitschin ; Reichenberg,
 And Friedland Castle, both lie pleasantly—
 Even to the foot of the huge mountains here
 Stretches the chase and covers of his forests :
 His ruling passion, to create the splendid,
 He can indulge without restraint ; can give
 A princely patronage to every art,
 And to all worth a Sovereign's protection.
 Can build, can plant, can watch the starry courses—

COUNTESS.

Yet I would have you look, and look again,
 Before you lay aside your arms, young friend !
 A gentle bride, as she is, is well worth it
 That you should woo and win her with the sword.

MAX.

O, that the sword could win her !

COUNTESS.

What was that ?
 Did you hear nothing ? Seem'd, as if I heard
 Tumult and larum in the banquet-room.

[Exit Countess.
 SCENE

SCENE V.

THEKLA and MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

THEKLA.

(As soon as the Countess is out of sight, in a quick flow voice to Piccolomini)

Don't trust them ! They are false !

MAX.

Impossible !

THEKLA.

Trust no one here but me. I saw at once,
They had a *purpose*.

MAX.

Purpose ! but what purpose ?
And how can we be instrumental to it ?

THEKLA.

I know no more than you ; but yet, believe me :
There's some design in this ! To make us happy,
To realize our union—trust me, love !
They but pretend to wish it.

MAX.

But these Tertskies——

Why use we them at all ? Why not your mother ?
Excellent creature ! she deserves from us
A full and filial confidence.

THEKLA.

She doth love you,
Doth rate you high before all others—but—
But such a secret—she would never have
The courage to conceal it from my father.

For

For her own peace of mind we must preserve it
A secret from her too.

MAX.

Why any secret?

I love not secrets. Mark, what I will do.
I'll throw me at your father's feet—let *him*
Decide upon my fortunes!—He is true,
He wears no mask—he hates all crooked ways—
He is so good, so noble!

THEKLA. (*falls on his neck.*)

That are you!

MAX.

You knew him only since this morn; but I
Have liv'd ten years already in his presence,
And who knows whether in this very moment
He is not merely waiting for us both
To own our loves, in order to unite us.
You are silent?—

You look at me with such a hopelessness!
What have you to object against your father?

THEKLA.

I? Nothing. Only he's so occupied—
He has no leisure time to think about
The happiness of us two.

(*Taking his hand tenderly.*)

Follow me!

Let us not place too great a faith in men.
These Tertsies—we will still be grateful to them
For every kindness, but not trust them further
Than they deserve;—and in all else rely—
On our own hearts!

3

MAX.

MAX.

O! shall we *e'er* be happy?

THEKLA.

Are we not happy now? Art thou not mine?
 Am I not thine? There lives within my soul
 A lofty courage—'tis love gives it me!
 I ought to be less open—ought to hide
 My heart more from thee—so decorum dictates.
 But where in this place could'st thou seek for truth,
 If in my mouth thou did'st not find it?

SCENE VI.

To them enters the Countess TERTSKY.

COUNTESS. (*in a pressing manner.*)

Come!

My husband sends me for you—It is now
 The latest moment.

(*They not appearing to attend to what she
 says, she steps between them.*)

Part you!

THEKLA.

O, not yet!

It has been scarce a moment.

COUNTESS.

Aye? Then time
 Flies swiftly with your Highness, Princess niece!

MAX.

There is no hurry, aunt.

COUN-

COUNTESS.

Away! away!

The folks begin to miss you. Twice already
His father has ask'd for him.

THEKLA.

Ha! his father?

COUNTESS.

You understand *that*, niece!

THEKLA.

Why needs he
To go at all to that society?
'Tis not his proper company. They may
Be worthy men, but he's too young for them.
In brief, he suits not such society.

COUNTESS.

You mean, you'd rather keep him wholly here?

THEKLA. (*with energy.*)

Yes! you have hit it, aunt! That is my meaning.
Leave him here wholly! Tell the company——

COUNTESS.

What? have you lost your senses, niece?——
Count, you remember the conditions. Come!

MAX. (*to Thekla.*)

Lady, I must obey. Farewell, dear lady!

(*Thekla turns away from him with a quick motion.*)

What say you then, dear lady?

THEKLA. (*without looking at him.*)

Nothing. Go!

MAX.

Can I, when you are angry——

(He draws up to her, their eyes meet, she stands silent a moment, then throws herself into his arms; he presses her fast to his heart.)

COUNTESS.

Off! Heavens! if any one should come!

Hark! What's that noise? It comes this way.—

Off!

(Max. tears himself away out of her arms, and goes. The Countess accompanies him. Thekla follows him with her eyes at first, walks restlessly across the room, then stops, and remains standing, lost in thought. A guitar lies on the table, she seizes it as by a sudden emotion, and after she has played a while an irregular and melancholy symphony, she falls gradually into the music and sings.)

THEKLA. *(plays and sings.)*

The cloud doth gather, the greenwood roar,
 The damsel paces along the shore;
 The billows they tumble with might, with might;
 And she flings out her voice to the darksome night,
 Her bosom is swelling with sorrow;
 The world it is empty, the heart will die,
 There's nothing to wish for beneath the sky:
 Thou Holy One, call thy child away!
 I've lived and loved, and that was to-day——
 Make ready my grave-clothes to-morrow*.

* I found it not in my power to translate this song with *literal* fidelity, preserving at the same time the Alcaic Movement; and
 have

have therefore added the original with a prose translation. Some of my readers may be more fortunate.

THEKLA. (*spielt und singt.*)

Der Eichwald brauset, die Wolken ziehn,
Das Mägdlein wandelt an Ufers Grün,
Es bricht sich die Welle mit Macht, mit Macht,
Und sie singt hinaus in die finstre Nacht,
Das Auge von Weinen getrübet :
Das Herz ist gestorben, die Welt ist leer,
Und weiter giebt sie dem Wunsche nichts mehr.
Du Heilige, rufe dein Kind zurück,
Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.

Literal Translation.

THEKLA. (*plays and sings.*)

The oak-forest bellows, the clouds gather, the damsel walks to and fro on the green of the shore; the wave breaks with might, with might, and she sings out into the dark night, her eye discolour'd with weeping: the heart is dead, the world is empty, and further gives it nothing more to the wish. Thou Holy One, call thy child home, I have enjoyed the happiness of this world, I have lived and have loved.

I cannot but add here an imitation of this song, with which the author of "The Tale of Rosamund Gray and Blind Margaret," has favoured me, and which appears to me to have caught the happiest manner of our old ballads.

The clouds are black'ning, the storms threat'ning,
The cavern doth mutter, the greenwood moan;
Billows are breaking, the damsel's heart aching,
Thus in the dark night she singeth alone,
Her eye upward roving :
The world is empty, the heart is dead surely,
In this world plainly all seemeth amiss;
To thy heaven, Holy One, take home thy little one,
I have partaken of all earth's bliss,
Both living and loving.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

COUNTESS (*returns*) THEKLA.

COUNTESS.

Fie, lady niece! to throw yourself upon him,
Like a poor gift to one who cares not for it,
And so must be flung after him! For you,
Duke Friedland's only child, I should have thought,
It had been more befitting to have shewn yourself
More chary of your person.

THEKLA. (*rising*)

And what mean you?

COUNTESS.

I mean, niece, that you should not have forgotten
Who *you* are, and who he is. But perchance
That never once occur'd to you.

THEKLA.

What then?

COUNTESS.

That you're the daughter of the Prince-duke
Friedland.

THEKLA.

Well—and what farther?

COUNTESS.

What? a pretty question!

THEKLA.

He was *born* that which we have but *become*.
He's of an ancient Lombard family,
Son of a reigning princefs.

COUNTESS.

COUNTESS.

Are you dreaming?
Talking in sleep? An excellent jest, forsooth!
We shall no doubt right courteously *entreat* him
To honour with his hand the richest heiress
In Europe.

THEKLA.

That will not be necessary.

COUNTESS.

Methinks 'twere well tho' not to run the hazard.

THEKLA.

His father loves him, Count Octavio
Will interpose no difficulty——

COUNTESS.

His!

His father! *his*! But your's, niece, what of your's?

THEKLA.

Why I begin to think you fear his father,
So anxiously you hide it from the man;
His father, *his*, I mean.

COUNTESS. (*looks at her, as scrutinizing*)

Niece, you are *false*.

THEKLA.

Are you then wounded? O, be friends with me!

COUNTESS.

You hold your game for won already. Do not
Triumph too soon!—

THEKLA (*interrupting her, and attempting to
sooth her.*)

Nay now, be friends with me.

COUNTESS.

COUNTESS.

It is not yet so far gone.

THEKLA.

I believe you.

COUNTESS.

Did you suppose your father had laid out
His most important life in toils of war,
Denied himself each quiet earthly bliss,
Had banish'd slumber from his tent, devoted
His noble head to care, and for this only,
To make a happy pair of you? At length
To draw you from your convent, and conduct
In easy triumph to your arms the man
That 'chanc'd to please your eyes! All this,
methinks,
He might have purchas'd at a cheaper rate.

THEKLA.

That which he did not plant for me, might yet
Bear me fair fruitage of its own accord.
And if my friendly and affectionate fate,
Out of his fearful and enormous being,
Will but prepare the joys of life for me—

COUNTESS.

Thou see'st it with a lovelorn maiden's eyes.
Cast thine eye round, bethink thee who thou art.
Into no house of joyance hast thou stepp'd,
For no espousals dost thou find the walls
Deck'd out, no guests the nuptial garland wearing.
Here is no splendour but of arms. Or think'st thou

Tha⁺

That all these thousands are here congregated
 To lead up the long dances at thy wedding?
 Thou see'st thy father's forehead full of thought,
 Thy mother's eye in tears: upon the balance
 Lies the great destiny of all our house.
 Leave now the puny wish, the girlish feeling,
 O thrust it far behind thee! Give thou proof,
 That thou'rt the daughter of the Mighty—*his*,
 Who where he moves creates the wonderful.
 Not to herself the woman must belong,
 Annex'd and bound to alien destinies.
 But she performs the best part, she the wisest,
 Who can transmute the alien into self,
 Meet and disarm necessity by choice;
 And what must be, take freely to her heart,
 And bear and foster it with mother's love.

THEKLA.

Such ever was my lesson in the convent.
 I had no loves, no wishes, knew myself
 Only as his—his daughter—his, the Mighty!
 His fame, the echo of whose blast drove to me
 From the far distance, waken'd in my soul
 No other thought than this—I am appointed
 To offer up myself in passiveness to him.

COUNTESS.

That *is* thy fate. Mould thou thy wishes to it.
 I and thy mother gave thee the example.

THEKLA.

My fate hath shewn me *him*, to whom behoves it
 That I should offer up myself. In gladness
Him will I follow.

COUN-

COUNTESS.

Not thy fate hath shewn him!
Thy heart, say rather—'twas thy heart, my child!

THEKLA.

Fate hath no voice but the heart's impulses.
I am all his! *His Present—his alone,*
Is this new life, which lives in me. He hath
A right to his own creature. What was I
Ere his fair love infus'd a soul into me?

COUNTESS.

Thou would'st oppose thy father then, should he
Have otherwise determin'd with thy person?
(*Thekla remains silent. The Countess continues.*)
Thou mean'st to force him to thy liking?—Child,
His name is Friedland.

THEKLA.

My name too is Friedland.
He shall have found a genuine daughter in me.

COUNTESS.

What? he has vanquish'd all impediment,
And in the wilful mood of his own daughter
Shall a new struggle rise for him? Child! child!
As yet thou hast seen thy father's smiles alone;
The eye of his rage thou hast not seen. Dear
child,

I will not frighten thee. To that extreme,
I trust, it ne'er shall come. His will is yet
Unknown to me: 'tis possible, his aims
May have the same direction as thy wish.
But this can never, never be his will,

That

That thou, the daughter of his haughty fortunes,
Should'st e'er demean thee as a love-sick maiden;
And like some poor cost-nothing, fling thyself
Toward the man, who, *if* that high prize ever
Be destin'd to await him, yet, with sacrifices
The highest love can bring, must pay for it.

[Exit COUNTESS.]

THEKLA. (*who during the last speech had been
standing evidently lost in her reflections.*)

I thank thee for the hint. It turns
My sad presentiment to certainty.
And it is so!—Not one friend have we here,
Not one true heart! we've nothing but ourselves!
O she said rightly—no auspicious signs
Beam on this covenant of our affections.
This is no theatre, where hope abides.
The dull thick noise of war alone stirs here.
And love himself, as he were arm'd in steel,
Steps forth, and girds him for the strife of death.

(*Music from the banquet room is heard.*)

There's a dark spirit walking in our house,
And swiftly will the Destiny close on us.
It drove me hither from my calm asylum,
It mocks my soul with charming witchery,
It lures me forward in a seraph's shape,
I see it near, I see it nearer floating,
It draws, it pulls me with a god-like power—
And lo! the abyss—and thither am I moving—
I have no power within me not to move!
(*The music from the banquet room becomes
louder.*)

O when a house is doom'd in fire to perish,
Many and dark heaven drives his clouds together,
Yea, shoots his lightnings down from sunny heights,
Flames burst from out the subterraneous chafms,
* And fiends and angels, mingling in their fury,
Sling fire-brands at the burning edifice.

[Exit THEKLA.

* There are few, who will not have taste enough to laugh at the two concluding lines of this soliloquy; and still fewer, I would fain hope, who would not have been more disposed to shudder, had I given a *faithful* translation. For the readers of German I have added the original:

Blind-wüthendschleudert selbst der Gott der Freude
Den Pechkranz in das brennende Gebäude.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

A large Saloon lighted up with festal Splendour ; in the Midst of it, and in the Centre of the Stage, a Table richly set out, at which eight Generals are sitting, among whom are OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, TERTSKY, and MARADAS. Right and left of this, but further back, two other Tables, at each of which six Persons are placed. The middle Door, which is standing open, gives to the Prospect a fourth Table, with the same Number of Persons. More forward stands the Sideboard. The whole Front of the Stage is kept open for the Pages and Servants in waiting. All is in Motion. The Band of Music belonging to Tertsky's Regiment march across the Stage, and draw up round the Tables. Before they are quite off from the Front of the Stage, MAX. PICCOLOMINI appears, Tertsky advances towards him with a Paper, Isolani comes up to meet him with a Beaker or Service-cup.

TERTSKY, ISOLANI, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

ISOLANI.

Here brother, what we love ! Why, where hast been ?

Off, to thy place—quick ! Tertsky here has given The mother's holiday wine up to free booty.

Here it goes on as at the Heideberg castle.

H

Already

Already hast thou lost the best. They're giving
 At yonder table ducal crowns in shares ;
 There's Sternberg's lands and chattels are put up,
 With Eggenberg's, Stawata's, Lichtenstein's,
 And all the great Bohemian feodalities.
 Be nimble, lad ! and something may turn up
 For thee—who knows ? Off—to thy place ! quick !
 march !

TIEFENBACH and GOETZ (*call out from the
 second and third tables.*)

Count Piccolomini !

TERTSKY.

Stop, ye shall have him in an instant.—Read
 This oath here, whether as 'tis here set forth,
 The wording satisfies you. They've all read it,
 Each in his turn, and each one will subscribe
 His individual signature.

MAX. (*reads*)

“Ingratis servire nefas.”

ISOLANI.

That sounds to my ears very much like Latin,
 And being interpreted, pray what may't mean ?

TERTSKY.

No honest man will serve a thankless master.

MAX.

“Inasmuch as our supreme Commander, the
 illustrious Duke of Friedland, in consequence of
 the manifold affronts and grievances which he has
 received, had expressed his determination to quit
 the Emperor, but on our unanimous entreaty has
 graciously

graciously consented to remain still with the army, and not to part from us without our approbation thereof, so we, collectively and *each in particular*, in the stead of an oath personally taken, do hereby oblige ourselves—likewise by him honourably and faithfully to hold, and in nowise whatsoever from him to part, and to be ready to shed for his interests the last drop of our blood, so far, namely, as *our oath to the Emperor will permit it.* (*These last words are repeated by Isolani.*) In testimony of which we subscribe our names."

TERTSKY.

Now!—are you willing to subscribe this paper?

ISOLANI.

Why should he not? All officers of honour
Can do it, ay must do it.—Pen and ink here!

TERTSKY.

Nay, let it rest till after meal.

ISOLANI. (*drawing Max. along.*)

Come, Max.

(*Both seat themselves at their table.*)

SCENE IX.

TERTSKY, NEUMANN.

TERTSKY. (*beckons to Neumann who is waiting at the side-table, and steps forward with him to the edge of the stage.*)

Have you the copy with you, Neumann? Give it.
It may be chang'd for the other?

H 2

NEU-

NEUMANN.

I have copied it
 Letter by letter, line by line; no eye
 Would e'er discover other difference,
 Save only the omission of that clause,
 According to your Excellency's order.

TERTSKY.

Right! Lay it yonder, and away with this—
 It has perform'd its business—to the fire with it—
*(Neumann lays the copy on the table, and
 steps back again to the side-table.)*

SCENE X.

ILLO *(comes out from the second chamber)*,

TERTSKY.

ILLO.

How goes it with young Piccolomini?

TERTSKY.

All right, I think. He has started no objection.

ILLO.

He is the only one I fear about—
 He and his father. Have an eye on both!

TERTSKY.

How looks it at your table? You forget not
 To keep them warm and stirring?

ILLO.

O, quite cordial,

They

They are quite cordial in the scheme. We have them.

And 'tis as I predicted too. Already
It is the talk, not merely to maintain
The Duke in station. "Since we're once for all
Together and unanimous, why not,"
Says Montecuculi, "ay, why not onward?
And make conditions with the Emperor
There in his own Vienna?" Trust me, Count,
Were it not for these said Piccolomini,
We might have spar'd ourselves the cheat.

TERTSKY.

And Butler?

Hew goes it there? Hush!

SCENE XI.

To them enter BUTLER from the second table.

BUTLER.

Don't disturb yourselves.

Field Marshal, I have understood you perfectly.

Good luck be to the scheme; and as to me,

(with an air of mystery)

You may depend upon me.

ILLO. *(with vivacity)*

May we, Butler?

BUTLER.

With or without the clause, all one to me!

You understand me? My fidelity

The Duke may put to any proof—I'm with him !
 Tell him so ! I'm the Emperor's officer,
 As long as 'tis his pleasure to remain
 The Emperor's general ! and Friedland's servant,
 As soon as it shall please him to become
 His own lord.

TERTSKY.

You would make a good exchange.
 No stern economist, no Ferdinand,
 Is he to whom you plight your services.

BUTLER. (*with a haughty look*)

I do not put up my fidelity
 To sale, Count Tertsky ! Half a year ago
 I would not have advis'd you to have made me
 An overture to that, to which I now
 Offer myself of my own free accord.—
 But that is past ! and to the Duke, Field Marshal,
 I bring myself together with my regiment.
 And mark you, 'tis my humour to believe,
 The example which I give will not remain
 Without an influence.

ILLO.

Who is ignorant,
 That the whole army look to Colonel Butler,
 As to a light that moves before them ?

BUTLER.

Ey ?

Then I repent me not of that fidelity
 Which for the length of forty years I held,
 If in my fixtieth year my old good name
 Can purchase for me a revenge so full.

Start

Start not at what I say, fir Generals !
 My real motives—they concern not you.
 And you yourselves, I trust, could not expect
 That this your game had crook'd *my* judgment—or
 That fickleness, quick blood, or such light cause,
 Has driven the old man from the track of honour,
 Which he so long had trodden.—Come, my friends!
 I'm not thereto determin'd with less firmness,
 Because I know and have look'd steadily
 At that on which I have determin'd.

ILLO.

Say,

And speak roundly, what are we to deem you ?

BUTLER.

A friend ! I give you here my hand ! I'm your's
 With all I have. Not only men, but money
 Will the Duke want.—Go, tell him, fir !
 I've earn'd and laid up somewhat in his service,
 I lend it him ; and is he my survivor,
 It has been already long ago bequeath'd him.
 He is my heir. For me, I stand alone
 Here in the world ; nought know I of the feeling
 That bind the husband to a wife and children.
 My name dies with me, my existence ends.

ILLO.

'Tis not your money that he needs—a heart
 Like your's weighs tons of gold down, weighs down
 millions !

BUTLER.

I came a simple soldier's boy from Ireland
 To Prague—and with a master, whom I buried.

H 4

From

From lowest stable duty I climb'd up,
 Such was the fate of war, to this high rank,
 The plaything of a whimsical good fortune.
 And Wallenstein too is a child of luck,
 I love a fortune that is like my own.

ILLO.

All powerful souls have kindred with each other.

BUTLER.

This is an awful moment! to the brave,
 To the determin'd, an auspicious moment.
 The Prince of Weimar arms, upon the Main
 To found a mighty dukedom. He of Halberstadt,
 That MANSFELD, wanted but a longer life
 To have mark'd out with his good sword a lordship
 That should reward his courage. Who of these
 Equals our Friedland? There is nothing, nothing
 So high, but he may set the ladder to it!

TERTSKY.

That's spoken like a man!

BUTLER.

Do you secure the Spaniard and Italian—
 I'll be your warrant for the Scotchman Lesly.
 Come! to the company!

TERTSKY.

Where is the master of the cellar? Ho!
 Let the best wines come up. Ho! cheerly, boy!
 Luck comes to-day, so give her hearty welcome.

[Exeunt, each to his table.]

SCENE

SCENE XII.

The MASTER OF THE CELLAR advancing with NEUMANN, Servants passing backwards and forwards.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

The best wine ! O ! if my old mistress, his lady mother, could but see these wild goings on, she would turn herself round in her grave. Yes, yes, sir officer ! 'tis all down the hill with this noble house ! no end, no moderation ! And this marriage with the Duke's sister, a splendid connection, a very splendid connection ! but I tell you, sir officer, it bodes no good.

NEUMANN.

Heaven forbid ! Why, at this very moment the whole prospect is in bud and blossom !

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

You think so ?—Well, well ! much may be said on that head.

FIRST SERVANT. (*comes*)

Burgundy for the fourth table.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

Now, sir lieutenant, if this an't the seventieth flask——

FIRST SERVANT.

Why, the reason is, that German lord, Tiefenbach, sits at that table.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR. (*continuing his discourse to Neumann.*)

They are soaring too high. They would rival kings and electors in their pomp and splendour ;
and

and wherever the Duke leaps, not a minute does my gracious master, the Count, loiter on the brink.—(*to the Servants*)—What do you stand there listening for? I will let you know you have legs presently. Off! see to the tables, see to the flasks! Look there! Count Palfi has an empty glass before him!

RUNNER. (*comes*)

The great service-cup is wanted, sir; that rich gold cup with the Bohemian arms on it. The Count says you know which it is.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

Ay! that was made for Frederick's coronation by the artist William—there was not such another prize in the whole booty at Prague.

RUNNER.

The same!—a health is to go round in him.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR. (*Shaking his head while he fetches and rinses the cup.*)

This will be something for the tale-bearers—this goes to Vienna.

NEUMANN.

Permit me to look at it.—Well, this is a cup indeed! How heavy! as well it may be, being all gold.—And what neat things are emboss'd on it! how natural and elegant they look!—There, on that first quarter, let me see. That proud Amazon there on horseback, she that is taking a leap over the crozier and mitres, and carries on a wand a hat together with a banner, on which there's a goblet repre-

represented. Can you tell me what all this signifies?

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

The woman whom you see there on horseback, is the Free Election of the Bohemian Crown. That is signified by the round hat, and by that fiery steed on which she is riding. The hat is the pride of man; for he who cannot keep his hat on before Kings and emperors is no free man.

NEUMANN.

But what is the cup there on the banner?

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

The cup signifies the freedom of the Bohemian Church, as it was in our forefathers' times. Our forefathers in the wars of the Hussites forced from the Pope this noble privilege; for the Pope, you know, will not grant the cup to any layman. Your true Moravian values nothing beyond the cup; it is his costly jewel, and has cost the Bohemians their precious blood in many and many a battle.

NEUMANN.

And what says that chart that hangs in the air there, over it all?

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

That signifies the Bohemian letter royal, which we forced from the Emperor Rudolph—a precious, never to be enough valued parchment, that secures to the new Church the old privileges of free ringing and open psalmody. But since he of Steier-

märk has ruled over us, that is at an end; and after the battle at Prague, in which Count Palatine Frederic lost crown and empire, our faith hangs upon the pulpit and the altar—and our brethren look at their homes over their shoulders; but the letter royal the Emperor himself cut to pieces with his scissars.

NEUMANN.

Why, my good Master of the Cellar! you are deep read in the chronicles of your country!

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

So were my forefathers, and for that reason were they minstrels, and served under Procopius and Ziska. Peace be with their ashes! Well, well! they fought for a good cause tho'—There! carry it up!

NEUMANN.

Stay! let me but look at this second quarter, Look *there*! That is, when at Prague Castle the Imperial Counsellors, Martinitz and Stawata were hur'd down head over heels. 'Tis even so! there stands Count Thur who commands it.

(Runner takes the service-cup and goes off with it.)

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

O let me never more hear of that day. It was the three and twentieth of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand, six hundred, and eighteen. It seems to me as it were but yesterday—from that unlucky day it all began, all the heart-aches of the country. Since that day it is now sixteen years, and there has never once been peace on the earth.

(Health)

(Health drank aloud at the second table.)
The Prince of Weimar! Hurra!

(At the third and fourth table.)
Long live Prince William! Long live Duke
Bernard! Hurra!

(Music strikes up.)

FIRST SERVANT.

Hear'em! Hear'em! What an uproar!

SECOND SERVANT. *(comes in running.)*

Did you hear? They have drank the Prince of
Weimar's health.

THIRD SERVANT.

The Swedish Chief Commander!

FIRST SERVANT. *(speaking at the same time.)*

The Lutheran!

SECOND SERVANT.

Just before, when Count Deodate gave out the
Emperor's health, they were all as mum as a
nibbling mouse.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

Po, po! When the wine goes in, strange things
come out. A good servant hears, and hears not!—
You should be nothing but eyes and feet, except
when you're called to.

SECOND SERVANT.

*(To the Runner, to whom he gives secretly a
flask of wine, keeping his eye on the Master
of the Cellar, standing between him and the
Runner.)*

Quick, Thomas! before the Master of the
Cellar

Cellar looks this way—'tis a flask of Frontignac !
—Snapp'd it up at the third table—Canst go off
with it ?

RUNNER. (*hides it in his pocket.*)

All right !

[*Exit. the Second Servant.*

THIRD SERVANT. (*aside, to the first.*)

Be on the hark, Jack ! that we may have right
plenty to tell to father Quivoga—He will give
us right plenty of absolution in return for it.

FIRST SERVANT.

For that very purpose I am always having some-
thing to do behind Illo's chair.—He is the man
for speeches to make you stare with !

MASTER OF THE CELLAR. (*to Neumann.*)

Who, pray, may that swarthy man be, he with
the cross, that is chatting so confidentially with
Esterhats ?

NEUMANN.

Ay ! he too is one of those to whom they con-
fide too much. He calls himself Maradas, a
Spaniard is he.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR. (*impatiently.*)

Spaniard ! Spaniard !—I tell you, friend ;
nothing good comes of those Spaniards. All these
outlandish * fellows are little better than rogues.

* There is a humour in the original which cannot be given
in the translation. " Die welfchen alle," &c. which word in
classical German means the *Italians* alone ; but in its first sense,
and at present in the *vulgar* use of the word, signifies foreigners
in general. Our word wall-nuts, I suppose, means *outlandish*
nuts—Wallæ nuces, in German " Welfch-nüsse." T.

NEUMANN.

FIRST PART OF WALLENSTEIN. III

NEUMANN.

Fy, fy! you should not say so, friend. There are among them our very best generals, and those on whom the Duke at this moment relies the most.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

(Taking the flask out of the Runner's pocket.)

My son, it will be broken to pieces in your pocket.

(Tertsky hurries in, fetches away the paper, and calls to a servant for pen and ink, and goes to the back of the stage.)

MASTER OF THE CELLAR. *(to the servants.)*

The Lieutenant-General stands up.—Be on the watch.—Now! They break up.—Off, and move back the forms!

(They rise at all the tables, the servants hurry off the front of the stage to the tables; part of the guests come forward.)

SCENE

SCENE XIII.

(OCTAVIO PICCOLÒMINI enters in conversation with MARADAS, and both place themselves quite on the edge of the stage on one side of the proscenium. On the side directly opposite, MAX. PICCOLOMINI, by himself, lost in thought, and taking no part in any thing that is going forward. The middle space between both, but rather more distant from the edge of the stage, is filled up by BUTLER, ISOLANI, GOETZ, TIEFENBACH, and KOLATTO.)

ISOLANI. (*while the company is coming forward.*)

Good night, good night, Kolatto! Good night, Lieutenant-General!—I should rather say, good morning.

GOETZ. (*to Tiefenbach.*)

Noble brother! (*making the usual compliment after meals.*)

TIEFENBACH.

Ay! 'twas a royal feast indeed.

GOETZ.

Yes, my Lady Countess understands these matters. Her mother-in-law, heaven rest her soul, taught her!—Ah! that was a housewife for you!

TIEFENBACH.

There was not her like in all Bohemia for setting out a table.

OCTAVIO. (*aside to Maradas.*)

Do me the favour to talk to me—talk of what
you

you will—or of nothing. Only preserve the appearance at least of talking. I would not wish to stand by myself, and yet I conjecture that there will be goings on here worthy of our attentive observation. (*He continues to fix his eye on the whole following scene.*)

ISOLANI. (*on the point of going.*)

Lights! lights!

TERTSKY. (*advances with the paper to Isolani.*)

Noble brother! two minutes longer!—Here is something to subscribe.

ISOLANI.

Subscribe as much as you like—but you must excuse me from reading it.

TERTSKY.

There is no need. It is the oath which you have already read.—Only a few marks of your pen! (*Isolani hands over the paper to Octavio, respectfully.*)

TEKTSKY.

Nay, nay, first come first served. There is no precedence here. (*Octavio runs over the paper with apparent indifference. Tertsky watches him at some distance.*)

GOETZ. (*to Tertsky.*)

Noble Count! with your permission—Good night.

TERTSKY.

Where's the hurry? Come, one other composing draught. (*to the servants*)—Ho!

I

GOETZ.

GOETZ.

Excuse me—an't able.

TERTSKY.

A thimble-full!

GOETZ.

Excuse me.

TIEFENBACH. (*sits down.*)

Pardon me, nobles!—This standing does not agree with me.

TERTSKY.

Consult only your own convenience, General!

TIEFENBACH.

Clear at head, found in stomach—only my legs won't carry me any longer.

ISOLANI. (*pointing at his corpulence.*)

Poor legs! how *should* they? Such an unmerciful load! (*Octavio subscribes his name, and reaches over the paper to Tertsky, who gives it to Isolani; and he goes to the table to sign his name.*)

TIEFENBACH.

'Twas that war in Pomerania that first brought it on. Out in all weathers—ice and snow—no help for it.—I shall never get the better of it all the days of my life.

GOETZ.

Why, in simple verity, your Swede makes no nice enquiries about the season.

TERTSKY. (*observing Isolani, whose hand trembles excessively, so that he can scarce direct his pen.*) Have you had that ugly complaint long, noble brother?—Dispatch it.

ISOLANI.

ISOLANI.

The sins of youth! I have already tried the Chalybeate waters. Well—I must bear it.

(*Tertsky gives the paper to Maradas; he steps to the table to subscribe.*)

OCTAVIO. (*advancing to Butler.*)

You are not over fond of the orgies of Bacchus, Colonel! I have observed it. You would, I think, find yourself more to your liking in the uproar of a battle, than of a feast.

BUTLER.

I must confess, 'tis not in my way.

OCTAVIO. (*stepping nearer to him friendly.*)

Nor in mine either, I can assure you; and I am not a little glad, my much honoured Colonel Butler, that we agree so well in our opinions. A half dozen good friends at most, at a small round table, a glass of genuine Tokay, open hearts, and a rational conversation—that's my taste!

BUTLER.

And mine too, when it can be had.—(*The paper comes to Tiefenbach, who glances over it at the same time with Goetz and Kolatto. Maradas in the mean time returns to Octavio, all this takes place, the conversation with Butler proceeding uninterrupted.*)

OCTAVIO. (*introducing Maradas to Butler.*)

Don Balthasar Maradas! likewise a man of our stamp, and long ago your admirer. (*Butler bows*)

OCTAVIO. (*continuing.*)

You are a stranger here—'twas but yesterday you arrived;—you are ignorant of the ways and means here. 'Tis a wretched place—I know, at our age, one loves to be snug and quiet—What if you moved your lodgings?—Come, be my visitor. (*Butler makes a low bow.*) Nay, without compliment!—For a friend like you, I have still a corner remaining.

BUTLER. (*coldly.*)

Your obliged humble servant, my Lord Lieutenant-General! (*The paper comes to Butler, who goes to the table to subscribe it. The front of the stage is vacant, so that both the Piccolominis, each on the side where he had been from the commencement of the scene, remain alone.*)

OCTAVIO. (*After having some time watched his son in silence, advances somewhat nearer to him.*) You were long absent from us, friend!

MAX.

I—urgent business detained me.

OCTAVIO.

And, I observe, you are still absent!

MAX.

You know this croud and bustle always makes me silent.

OCTAVIO. (*advancing still nearer.*)

May I be permitted to ask what the business was that detained you?—*Tert/ky* knows it without asking!

MAX.

MAX.

What does Tertsky know?

OCTAVIO.

He was the only one who did not miss you.

ISOLANI. (*who has been attending to them from some distance, steps up.*) Well done, father! Rout out his baggage! Beat up his quarters! There is something there that should not be.

TERTSKY. (*with the paper.*)

Is there none wanting? Have the whole subscribed?

OCTAVIO.

All.

TERTSKY. (*calling aloud.*)

Ho! Who subscribes?

BUTLER. (*to Tertsky.*)

Count the names. There ought to be just thirty.

TERTSKY.

Here is a cross.

TIEFENBACH.

That's my mark.

ISOLANI.

He cannot write; but his cross is a good cross, and is honoured by Jews as well as Christians.

OCTAVIO. (*presses on to Max.*)

Come, General! let us go. It is late.

TERTSKY.

One Piccolomini only has signed.

ISOLANI. (*pointing to Max.*)

Look! that is your man, that statue there, who
has

has had neither eye, ear, nor tongue for us the whole evening. (*Max. receives the paper from Tertsky, which he looks upon vacantly.*)

SCENE XIV.

(*To these enter ILLO from the inner room. He has in his hand the golden service-cup, and is extremely distempered with drinking: GOETZ and BUTLER follow him, endeavouring to keep him back.*)

ILLO.

What do you want? Let me go.

GOETZ and BUTLER.

Drink no more, Illo! For heav'n's sake, drink no more.

ILLO. (*goes up to Octavio, and shakes him cordially by the hand, and then drinks.*)

Octavio! I bring this to you! Let all grudge be drowned in this friendly bowl! I know well enough, ye never loved me—Devil take me!—and I never loved you!—I am always even with people in that way!—Let what's past be past—that is, you understand—forgotten! I esteem you infinitely. (*embracing him repeatedly.*) You have not a dearer friend on earth than I—but that you know. The fellow that cries rogue to you calls me villain—and I'll strangle him!—my dear friend!

TERTSKY.

TERTSKY. (*whispering to him.*)

Art in thy senses? For heaven's sake, Illo! think where you are.

ILLO. (*aloud.*)

What do you mean?—There are none but friends here, are there? (*looks round the whole circle with a jolly and triumphant air.*) Not a sneaker among us, thank heaven!

TERTSKY. (*to Butler, eagerly.*)

Take him off with you, force him off, I entreat you, Butler!

BUTLER. (*to Illo.*)

Field Marshal! a word with you. (*leads him to the side-board.*)

ILLO. (*cordially.*)

A thousand for one! Fill—Fill it once more up to the brim.—To this gallant man's health!

ISOLANI. (*to Max. who all the while has been staring on the paper with fixed but vacant eyes.*)

Slow and sure, my noble brother!—Hast parsed it all yet?—Some words yet to go thro'?—Ha?—

MAX. (*waking as from a dream.*)

What am I to do?

TERTSKY, and at the same time ISOLANI.

Sign your name. (*Octavio directs his eyes on him with intense anxiety.*)

MAX. (*returns the paper.*)

Let it stay till to-morrow. It is *business*—to-day I am not sufficiently collected. Send it to me to-morrow.

TERTSKY.

Nay, collect yourself a little.

ISOLANI.

Awake, man! awake!—Come, thy signature, and have done with it! What? Thou art the youngest in the whole company, and wouldest be wiser than all of us together? Look there! thy father has signed—we have all signed.

TERTSKY. (*to Octavio.*)

Use your influence. Instruct him.

OCTAVIO.

My son is at the age of discretion.

ILLO. (*leaves the service-cup on the side-board.*)

What's the dispute?

TERTSKY.

He declines subscribing the paper.

MAX.

I say, it may as well stay till to-morrow.

ILLO.

It cannot stay. We have all subscribed to it—and so must you.—You must subscribe.

MAX.

Illo, good night!

ILLO.

No!—You come not off so! The Duke shall learn who are his friends. (*all collect round Illo and Max.*)

MAX.

What my sentiments are towards the Duke, the Duke knows, every one knows—what need of this wild stuff?

ILLO.

ILLO.

This is the thanks the Duke gets for his partialty to Italians and foreigners.—Us Bohemians he holds for little better than dullards—nothing pleases him but what's outlandish.

TERTSKY. (*in extreme embarrassment, to the commanders, who at Illo's words gave a sudden start, as preparing to resent them.*) It is the wine that speaks, and not his reason. Attend not to him, I entreat you.

ISOLANI. (*with a bitter laugh.*)

Wine invents nothing: it only *tattles*.

ILLO.

He who is not with me is against me. Your tender consciences! Unless they can slip out by a back-door, by a puny proviso—

TERTSKY. (*interrupting him.*)

He is stark mad—don't listen to him!

ILLO. (*raising his voice to the highest pitch.*)

Unless they can slip out by a *proviso*.—What of the proviso? The devil take this proviso!

MAX. (*has his attention roused, and looks again into the paper.*)

What is there here then of such perilous import? You make me curious—I must look closer at it.

TERTSKY. (*in a low voice to Illo.*)

What are you doing, Illo? You are ruining us.

TIEFENBACH. (*to Kolatto.*)

Ay, ay! I observed, that before we sat down to supper, it was read differently.

GOETZ.

GOETZ.

Why, I seemed to think so too.

ISOLANI.

What do I care for that? Where there stand other names, mine can stand too.

TIEFENBACH.

Before supper there *was* a certain proviso therein, or short clause concerning our duties to the Emperor.

BUTLER. (*to one of the commanders.*)

For shame, for shame! Bethink you. What is the main business here? The question now is, whether we shall keep our General, or let him retire. One must not take these things too nicely and over-scrupulously.

ISOLANI. (*to one of the generals.*)

Did the Duke make any of these provisos when he gave you your regiment?

TERTSKY. (*to Goetz.*)

Or when he gave you the office of army-purveyancer, which brings you in yearly a thousand pistoles!

ILLO.

He is a rascal who makes us out to be rogues. If there be any one that wants satisfaction, let him say so.—I am his man.

TIEFENBACH.

Softly, softly! 'Twas but a word or two.

MAX. (*having read the paper gives it back.*)

Till to-morrow, therefore!

ILLO.

FIRST PART OF WALLENSTEIN. 123

ILLO. (*flammering with rage and fury, loses all command over himself, and presents the paper to Max. with one hand, and his sword in the other.*) Subscribe—Judas!

ISOLANI.

Out upon you, Illo!

OCTAVIO, TERTSKY, BUTLER. (*all together.*)

Down with the sword!

MAX. (*rushes on him suddenly and disarms him, then to Count Tertsky.*)

Take him off to bed.

(*Max. leaves the stage. Illo cursing and raving is held back by some of the officers, and amidst an universal confusion the curtain drops.*)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III

ACT III.

*Scene a Chamber in Piccolomini's Mansion.—
It is Night.*

SCENE I.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI. *A Valet de Chambre,
with Lights.*

OCTAVIO.

— And when my son comes in, conduct him
hither.

What is the hour?

VALET.

'Tis on the point of morning.

OCTAVIO.

Set down the light. We mean not to undress.
You may retire to sleep.

*[Exit Valet. Octavio paces, musing, across the
chamber. Max. Piccolomini enters unob-
served, and looks at his father for some mo-
ments in silence.]*

MAX.

Art thou offended with me? Heav'n knows
That odious business was no fault of mine.

'Tis

'Tis true, indeed, I saw thy signature.

What *thou* hadst sanction'd, should not, it might
seem,

Have come amiss to me. But—'tis my nature—
Thou know'st, that in such matters I must follow
My own light, not another's.

OCTAVIO. (*goes up to him, and embraces him.*)

Follow it,

O follow it still further, my best son!

To night, dear boy! it hath more faithfully
Guided thee than th' example of thy father.

MAX.

Declare thyself less darkly.

OCTAVIO.

I will do so.

For after what has taken place this night,
There must remain no secrets 'twixt us two.

(*Both seat themselves.*)

Max. Piccolomini! what think'st thou of
The oath that was sent round for signatures?

MAX.

I hold it for a thing of harmless import,
Altho' I love not these set declarations.

OCTAVIO.

And on no other ground hadst thou refus'd
The signature they fain had wrested from thee?

MAX.

It was a serious business—I was absent—
The affair itself seem'd not so urgent to me.

OCTAVIO.

Be open, Max. Thou hadst then no suspicion?

MAX.

Suspicion! what suspicion? Not the least.

OCTAVIO.

Thank thy good angel, Piccolomini;
He drew thee back unconscious from the abyss.

MAX.

I know not what thou meanest.

OCTAVIO.

I will tell thee.

Fain would they have extorted from thee, son,
The sanction of thy name to villainy;
Yea, with a single flourish of thy pen,
Made thee renounce thy duty and thy honour!

MAX. (*rises*)

Octavio!

OCTAVIO.

Patience!—Seat yourself. Much yet
Hast thou to hear from me, friend!—hast for years
Liv'd in incomprehensible illusion.
Before thine eyes is Treason drawing out
As black a web as e'er was spun from venom:
A power of hell o'erclouds thy understanding.
I dare no longer stand in silence—dare
No longer see thee wandering on in darkness,
Nor pluck the bandage from thine eyes.

MAX.

My father!

Yet, ere thou speak'st, a moment's pause of thought!
If your disclosures should appear to be
Conjectures only—and almost I fear

They

They will be nothing further—spare them! I
Am not in that collected mood at present,
That I could listen to them quietly.

OCTAVIO.

The deeper cause thou hast to hate this light,
The more impatient cause have I, my son,
To force it on thee. To the innocence
And wisdom of thy heart I could have trusted thee
With calm assurance—but I see the net
Preparing—and it is thy heart itself
Alarms me for thine innocence—that secret,

(fixing his eye stedfastly on his son's face)

Which thou concealest, forces mine from me.

*(Max. attempts to answer, but hesitates, and
casts his eyes to the ground embarrassed.)*

OCTAVIO. *(after a pause)*

Know, then, they are duping thee!—a most foul
game
With thee and with us all—nay, hear me calmly—
The Duke even now is playing. He assumes
The mask, as if he would forsake the army;
And in this moment makes he preparations
That army from the Emperor—to steal,
And carry it over to the enemy!

MAX.

That low Priest's legend I know well, but did not
Expect to hear it from thy mouth.

OCTAVIO.

That mouth,
From which thou hear'st it at this present moment,
Doth warrant thee that it is no Priest's legend.

MAX.

How mere a maniac they suppose the Duke!
 What, he can meditate?—the Duke?—can dream
 That he can lure away full thirty thousand
 Tried troops and true, all honourable foldiers,
 More than a thousand noblemen among them,
 From oaths, from duty, from their honour lure
 them,
 And make them all unanimous to do
 A deed that brands them scoundrels?

OCTAVIO.

Such a deed,
 With such a front of infamy, the Duke
 No ways desires—what he requires of us
 Bears a far gentler appellation. Nothing
 He wishes, but to give the Empire peace.
 And so, because the Emperor hates *this* peace,
 Therefore the Duke—the Duke will *force* him
 to it.
 All parts of the Empire will he pacify,
 And for his trouble will retain in payment
 (What he has already in his gripe)—Bohemia!

MAX.

Has he, Octavio, merited of us,
 That we—that we should think so vilely of him?

OCTAVIO.

What *we would* think is not the question here.
 The affair speaks for itself—and clearest proofs!
 Hear me, my son—'tis not unknown to thee,
 In what ill credit with the Court we stand.
 But little dost thou know, or guess, what tricks,

What

What base intrigues, what lying artifices,
 Have been employ'd—for this sole end—to sow
 Mutiny in the camp! All bands are loos'd—
 Loos'd all the bands, that link the officer
 To his liege Emperor, all that bind the soldier
 Affectionately to the citizen.
 Lawless he stands, and threat'ningly beleaguers
 The state he's bound to guard. To such a height
 'Tis swoln, that at this hour the Emperor
 Before his armies—his own armies—trembles;
 Yea, in his capital, his palace, fears
 The traitors' poniards, and is meditating
 To hurry off and hide his tender offspring——
 Not from the Swedes, not from the Lutherans—
 No! from his own troops hide and hurry them!

MAX.

Cease, cease! thou tortur'st, shatter'st me. I know
 That oft we tremble at an empty terror;
 But the false phantasm brings a real misery.

OCTAVIO.

It is no phantasm. An intestine war,
 Of all the most unnatural and cruel,
 Will burst out into flames, if instantly
 We do not fly and stifle it. The Generals
 Are many of them long ago won over;
 The subalterns are vacillating—whole
 Regiments and garrisons are vacillating.
 To foreigners our strong holds are entrusted;
 To that suspected Schafgotch is the whole
 Force of Silesia given up: to Tertsky

K

Five

Five regiments, foot and horse—to Isolani,
To Illo, Kinsky, Butler, the best troops.

MAX.

Likewise to both of us.

OCTAVIO.

Because the Duke
Believes he has secur'd us—means to lure us
Still further on by splendid promises.
To me he portions forth the princedom, Glatz
And Sagan; and too plain I see the angel
With which he doubts not to catch *thee*.

MAX.

No! no!

I tell thee—no!

OCTAVIO.

O open yet thine eyes!
And to what purpose think'st thou he has call'd us
Hither to Pilsen?—To avail himself
Of our advice?—O when did Friedland ever
Need our advice?—Be calm, and listen to me.
To sell ourselves are we call'd hither, and
Decline we that—to be his hostages.
Therefore doth noble Galas stand aloof;
Thy father, too, thou would'st not have seen here,
If higher duties had not held him fetter'd.

MAX.

He makes no secret of it—needs make none—
That we're call'd hither for his sake—he owns it.
He needs our aidance to maintain himself—
He did so much for us; and 'tis but fair
That we too should do somewhat now for him.

OCTAVIO.

OCTAVIO.

And know'st thou what it is which we must do?
That Illo's drunken mood betray'd it to thee.
Bethink thyself—what hast thou heard, what seen?
The counterfeited paper—the omission
Of that particular clause, so full of meaning,
Does it not prove, that they would bind us down
To nothing good?

MAX.

That counterfeited paper
Appears to me no other than a trick.
Of Illo's own device. These underhand
Traders in great mens' interests ever use
To urge and hurry all things to the extreme.
They see the Duke at variance with the Court,
And fondly think to serve him, when they widen
The breach irreparably. Trust me, father,
The Duke knows nothing of all this.

OCTAVIO.

It grieves me
That I must dash to earth, that I must shatter
A faith so specious; but I may not spare thee!
For this is not a time for tenderness.
Thou must take measures, speedy ones—must act.
I therefore will confess to thee, that all
Which I've entrusted to thee now—that all
Which seems to thee so unbelievable,
That—yes, I will tell thee—(*a pause*)—Max! I
had it all
From his own mouth—from the Duke's mouth I
had it.

K 2

MAX.

MAX. (*in excessive agitation*)

No!—no!—never!

OCTAVIO.

Himself confided to me
What I, 'tis true, had long before discover'd
By other means—himself confided to me,
That 'twas his settled plan to join the Swedes;
And, at the head of the united armies,
Compel the Emperor——

MAX.

He is passionate.

The Court has stung him—he is fore all over
With injuries and affronts; and in a moment
Of irritation, what if he, for once,
Forgot himself? He's an impetuous man.

OCTAVIO.

Nay, in cold blood he did confess this to me;
And having construed my astonishment
Into a scruple of his power, he shew'd me
His written evidences—shew'd me letters,
Both from the Saxon and the Swede, that gave
Promise of aidance, and defin'd th' amount.

MAX.

It cannot be!—*can not* be!—*can* not be!
Dost thou not see, it cannot!
Thou wouldest of necessity have shewn him
Such horror, such deep loathing—that or he
Had tak'n thee for his better genius, or
Thou stood'st not now a living man before me—

OCTAVIO.

I have laid open my objections to him,
Dissuaded him with pressing earnestness;

But

But my *abhorrence*, the full sentiment
Of my *whole* heart—that I have still kept sacred
To my own consciousness.

MAX.

And *thou* hast been
So treacherous? That looks not like my father!
I trusted not thy words, when thou didst tell me
Evil of him; much less can I *now* do it,
That thou calumniatest thy own self.

OCTAVIO.

I did not thrust myself into his secrecy.

MAX.

Uprightness merited his confidence.

OCTAVIO.

He was no longer worthy of sincerity.

MAX.

Diffimulation, sure, was still less worthy
Of thee, Octavio!

OCTAVIO.

Gave I him a cause
To entertain a scruple of my honour?

MAX.

That he did not, evinc'd his confidence.

OCTAVIO.

Dear son, it is not always possible
Still to preserve that infant purity
Which the voice teaches in our inmost heart.
Still in alarm, for ever on the watch
Against the wiles of wicked men, e'en Virtue
Will sometimes bear away her outward robes
Soil'd in the wrestle with Iniquity.

This is the curse of every evil deed,
 That, propagating still, it brings forth evil.
 I do not cheat my better-soul with sophisms;
 I but perform my orders; the Emperor
 Prescribes my conduct to me. Dearest boy,
 Far better were it, doubtless, if we all
 Obey'd the heart at all times; but so doing,
 In this our present sojourn with bad men,
 We must abandon many an honest object.
 'Tis now our call to serve the Emperor,
 By what means he can best be serv'd—the heart
 May whisper what it will—this is our call!

MAX.

It seems a thing appointed, that to-day
 I should not comprehend, not understand thee.
 The Duke, thou say'st, did honestly pour out
 His heart to thee, but for an evil purpose;
 And thou dishonestly hast cheated him
 For a good purpose! Silence, I entreat thee—
 My friend thou stealest not from me—
 Let me not lose my father!

OCTAVIO. (*suppressing resentment*)

As yet thou know'st not all, my son. I have
 Yet somewhat to disclose to thee.

(*After a pause*)

Duke Friedland

Hath made his preparations. He relies
 Upon his stars. He deems us unprovided,
 And thinks to fall upon us by surprize.
 Yea, in his dream of hope, he grasps already
 The golden circle in his hand. He errs.

We too have been in action—he but grasps
His evil fate, most evil, most mysterious!

MAX.

O nothing rash, my fire! By all that's good
Let me invoke thee—no precipitation!

OCTAVIO.

With light tread stole he on his evil way,
And light of tread hath Vengeance stole on after
him.

Unseen she stands already, dark behind him—
But one step more—he shudders in her grasp!
—Thou hast seen Questenberg with me. As yet
Thou know'st but his ostensible commission—
He brought with him a *private* one, my son!
And that was for me only.

MAX.

May I know it?

OCTAVIO. (*seizes the patent.*)

Max!

(*A pause.*)

——In this disclosure place I in thy hands
The Empire's welfare and thy father's life.
Dear to thy inmost heart is Wallenstein:
A powerful tie of love, of veneration,
Hath knit thee to him from thy earliest youth.
Thou nourishest the *wish*—O let me still
Anticipate thy loitering confidence!
The *hope* thou nourishest to knit thyself
Yet closer to him——

MAX.

Father——

OCTAVIO.

O my son!

I trust thy heart undoubtingly. But am I
Equally sure of thy collectedness?

Wilt thou be able, with calm countenance,
To enter this man's presence, when that I
Have trusted to thee his whole fate?

MAX.

According

As thou dost trust me, father, with his crime.

*(Octavio takes a paper out of his escrutoire,
and gives it to him.)*

MAX.

What? how?—a full Imperial patent!

OCTAVIO.

Read it.

MAX. *(just glances on it)*

Duke Friedland sentenc'd and condemn'd!

OCTAVIO.

Even so.

MAX. *(throws down the paper)*

O this is too much!—O unhappy error!

OCTAVIO.

Read on. Collect thyself.

MAX. *(after he has read further, with a look
of affright and astonishment on his father)*

How!—what!—Thou!—thou!

OCTAVIO.

OCTAVIO.

But for the present moment, till the King
Of Hungary may safely join the army,
Is the command assign'd to me.

MAX.

And think'st thou,
Dost thou believe, that thou wilt tear it from him?
O never hope it!—Father! father! father!
An inauspicious office is enjoin'd thee.
This paper here—this! and wilt thou enforce it?
The mighty, in the middle of his host,
Surrounded by his thousands, him would'st thou
Disarm—degrade! Thou art lost, both thou and
all of us.

OCTAVIO.

What hazard I incur thereby, I know.
In the great hand of God I stand. The Almighty
Will cover with his shield the Imperial house,
And shatter, in his wrath, the work of darkness.
The Emperor hath true servants still; and, even
Here in the camp, there are enough brave men,
Who for the good cause will fight gallantly.
The faithful have been warn'd—the dangerous
Are closely watch'd. I wait but the first step,
And then immediately——

MAX.

What! on suspicion?

Immediately?

OCTAVIO.

The Emperor is no tyrant.
The deed alone he'll punish, not the wish.

The

The Duke hath yet his destiny in his power.
 Let him but leave the treason uncompleted,
 He will be silently displac'd from office,
 And make way to his Emperor's royal son.
 An honourable exile to his castles
 Will be a benefaction to him rather
 Than punishment. But the first open step——

MAX.

What call'st thou such a step? A wicked step
 Ne'er will he take; but thou might'st easily,
 Yea, thou hast done it, misinterpret him.

OCTAVIO.

Nay, howsoever punishable were
 Duke Friedland's purposes, yet still the steps
 Which he hath taken openly, permit
 A mild construction. It is my intention
 To leave this paper wholly uninforc'd
 Till some act is committed which convicts him
 Of an high-treason, without doubt or plea,
 And that shall sentence him.

MAX.

But who the judge?

OCTAVIO.

Thyself.

MAX.

For ever, then, this paper will lie idle.

OCTAVIO.

Too soon, I fear, its powers must all be prov'd.
 After the counter-promise of this evening,
 It cannot be but he must deem himself

Secure

SCENE II.

OCTAVIO and MAX. *as before. To them the
Valet of the Chamber.*

OCTAVIO.

How now, then?

VALET.

A dispatch is at the door.

OCTAVIO.

So early? From whom comes he then? Who is it?

VALET.

That he refus'd to tell me.

OCTAVIO.

Lead him in:

And, hark you—let it not transpire.

[Exit Valet—the Cornet steps in.]

OCTAVIO.

Ha! Cornet—is it you? and from Count Galas?
Give me your letters.

CORNET.

The Lieutenant-general

Trusted it not to letters.

OCTAVIO.

And what is it?

CORNET.

He bade me tell you—Dare I speak openly here?

OCTAVIO.

My son knows all.

CORNET.

CORNET.

We have him.

OCTAVIO.

Whom?

CORNET.

Sefina,

The old negociator.

OCTAVIO. (*eagerly*)

And you have him?

CORNET.

In the Bohemian Forest Captain Mohrbrand
Found and secur'd him yester morning early:
He was proceeding then to Regenspurg,
And on him were dispatches for the Swede.

OCTAVIO.

And the dispatches——

CORNET.

The Lieutenant-general
Sent them that instant to Vienna, and
The prisoner with them.

OCTAVIO.

This is, indeed, a tiding!
That fellow is a precious casket to us,
Enclosing weighty things.—Was much found on
him?

CORNET.

I think, six packets, with Count Tertsky's arms.

OCTAVIO.

None in the Duke's own hand?

CORNET.

142 THE PICCOLOMINI, OR THE

CORNET,

Not that I know.

OCTAVIO.

And old Sefina?

CORNET.

He was forely frighten'd,

When it was told him he must to Vienna.

But the Count Altringer bade him take heart,

Would he but make a full and free confession.

OCTAVIO.

Is Altringer then with your Lord? I heard

That he lay sick at Linz.

CORNET.

These three days past

He's with my master, the Lieutenant-general,

At Frauemburg. Already have they sixty

Small companies together, chosen men:

Respectfully they greet you with assurances,

That they are only waiting your commands.

OCTAVIO.

In a few days may great events take place.

And when must you return?

CORNET.

I wait your orders.

OCTAVIO.

Remain till evening.

(*Cornet signifies his assent and obeisance, and is going.*)

OCTAVIO.

No one saw you—ha?

CORNET.

(*Enter*) CORNET.

No living creature. Thro' the cloister-wicket
The Capuchins, as usual, let me in.

OCTAVIO.

Go, rest your limbs, and keep yourself conceal'd.
I hold it probable, that yet ere evening
I shall dispatch you. The developement
Of this affair approaches: ere the day,
That even now is dawning in the heaven,
Ere this eventful day hath set, the lot
That must decide our fortunes will be drawn.

[*Exit Cornet.*]

SCENE III.

OCTAVIO and MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

OCTAVIO.

Well—and what now, son? All will soon be clear;
For all, I'm certain, went thro' that Sesina.

MAX.

(*Who through the whole of the foregoing scene
has been in a violent and visible struggle of
feelings, at length starts as one resolved*)

I will procure me light a shorter way.
Farewell.

OCTAVIO.

Where now?—Remain here.

MAX.

To the Duke.

OCTAVIO.

OCTAVIO. (*alarmed*)

What——

MAX. (*returning*)

If thou hast believ'd that I shall act
 A part in this thy play——
 Thou hast miscalculated on me grievously.
 My way must be straight on. True with the tongue,
 False with the heart—I may not, cannot be:
 Nor can I suffer that a man should trust me—
 As his friend trust me—and then lull my conscience
 With such low pleas as these:—"I ask'd him not—
 He did it all at his own hazard—and
 My *mouth* has never lied to him."—No, no!
 What a friend takes me for, that I must be.
 —I'll to the Duke; ere yet this day is ended
 Will I demand of him that he do save
 His good name from the world, and with one stride
 Break through and rend this fine-spun web of
 your's.

He can, he will!—*I* still am his believer.
 Yet I'll not pledge myself, but that those letters
 May furnish you, perchance, with proofs against
 him.

How far may not this Tertsky have proceeded—
 What may not he himself too have permitted
 Himself to do, to snare the enemy,
 The laws of war excusing? Nothing, save
 His own mouth shall convict him—nothing less!
 And face to face will I go question him.

OCTAVIO,

Thou wilt?

MAX.

MAX.
I will, as sure as this heart beats.

OCTAVIO.
I have, indeed, miscalculated on thee.
I calculated on a prudent son,
Who would have blest the hand beneficent
That pluck'd him back from the abyfs—and lo!
A fascinated being I discover,
Whom his two eyes befool, whom passion wilders,
Whom not the broadest light of noon can heal.
Go, question him!—Be mad enough, I pray thee.
The purpose of thy father, of thy Emperor,
Go, give it up free booty!—Force me, drive me
To an open breach before the time. And now,
Now that a miracle of heaven had guarded
My secret purpose even to this hour,
And laid to sleep Suspicion's piercing eyes,
Let me have liv'd to see that mine own son,
With frantic enterprise, annihilates
My toilsome labours and state-policy.

MAX.
Aye—this state-policy! O how I curse it!
You will some time, with your state-policy,
Compel him to the measure: it may happen,
Because ye are *determin'd* that he is guilty,
Guilty ye'll *make* him. All retreat cut off,
You close up every outlet, hem him in
Narrower and narrower, till at length ye force him—
Yes, *ye*,—ye *force* him, in his desperation,
To set fire to his prison.—Father! father!
That never can end well—it cannot—will not!

L

And

And let it be decided as it may,
 I see with boding heart the near approach
 Of an ill-starr'd, unblest catastrophe.
 For this great Monarch-spirit, if he fall,
 Will drag a world into the ruin with him.
 And as a ship (that midway on the ocean
 Takes fire) at once, and with a thunder-burst
 Explodes, and with itself shoots out its crew
 In smoke and ruin betwixt sea and heaven;
 So will he, falling, draw down in his fall
 All us, who're fix'd and mortic'd to his fortune.
 Deem of it what thou wilt; but pardon me,
 That I must bear me on in my own way.
 All must remain pure betwixt him and me;
 And, ere the day-light dawns, it must be known
 Which I must lose—my father, or my friend.

(During his exit the curtain drops.)

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

Scene a Room fitted up for astrological Labours, and provided with celestial Charts, with Globes, Telescopes, Quadrants, and other mathematical Instruments.—Seven Colossal Figures, representing the Planets, each with a transparent Star of a different Colour on its Head, stand in a Semi-circle in the Back-ground, so that Mars and Saturn are nearest the Eye.—The Remainder of the Scene, and its Disposition, is given in the Fourth Scene of the Second Act.—There must be a Curtain over the Figures, which may be dropped, and conceal them on Occasions.

[In the Fifth Scene of this Act it must be dropped; but, in the Seventh Scene, it must be again drawn up wholly or in part.]

SCENE I.

WALLENSTEIN *at a black Table, on which a Speculum Astrologicum is described with Chalk.*
 SENI *is taking Observations through a Window.*

WALLENSTEIN.

All well—and now let it be ended, Seni.—Come,
 The dawn commences, and Mars rules the hour.

L 2

We

We must give o'er the operation. Come,
We know enough.

SENI.

Your Highness must permit me
Just to contemplate Venus. She's now rising:
Like as a sun, so shines she in the east.

WALLENSTEIN.

She is at present in her perigee,
And shoots down now her strongest influences.

(Contemplating the figure on the table.)

Auspicious aspect! fateful in conjunction,
At length the mighty three corradiate;
And the two stars of blessing, Jupiter
And Venus, take between them the malignant
Slily-malicious Mars, and thus compel
Into *my* service that old mischief-founder:
For long he view'd me hostilely, and ever
With beam oblique, or perpendicular,
Now in the Quartile, now in the Secundan,
Shot his red lightnings at my stars, disturbing
Their blessed influences and sweet aspects.
Now they have conquer'd the old enemy,
And bring him in the heavens a prisoner to me.

SENI. *(who has come down from the window)*

And in a corner house, your Highness—think of
that!

That makes each influence of double strength.

WALLENSTEIN.

And sun and moon, too, in the Sextile aspect,
The soft light with the veh'ment—so I love it.

SOL

FIRST PART OF WALLENSTEIN. 149

SOL is the heart, LUNA the head of heaven.
Bold be the plan, fiery the execution.

SENI.

And both the mighty Lumina by no
Maleficus affronted. Lo! Saturnus,
Innocuous, powerless, in cadente Domo.

WALLENSTEIN.

The empire of Saturnus is gone by:
Lord of the secret birth of things is he;
Within the lap of earth, and in the depths
Of the imagination dominates;
And his are all things that eschew the light.
The time is o'er of brooding and contrivance;
For Jupiter, the lustrous, lordeth now,
And the dark work, complete of preparation,
He draws by force into the realm of light.
Now must we hasten on to action, ere
The scheme, and most auspicious posture
Parts o'er my head, and takes once more its flight;
For the heavens journey still, and sojourn not.

(There are knocks at the door)

There's some one knocking there. See who it is.

TERTSKY. *(from without)*

Open, and let me in.

WALLENSTEIN.

Aye—'tis Tertsky.

What is there of such urgency? We are busy.

TERTSKY. *(from without)*

Lay all aside at present, I entreat you.
It suffers no delaying.

L 3

WALLENSTEIN.

WALLENSTEIN.

Open, Seni!

(While Seni opens the door for Tertsky, Wallenstein draws the curtain over the figures.)

TERTSKY. *(enters)*

Hast thou already heard it? He is taken.

Galas has giv'n him up to the Emperor.

[Seni draws off the black table, and exit.]

SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN. COUNT TERTSKY.

WALLENSTEIN. *(to Tertsky)*

Who has been taken?—Who is given up?

TERTSKY.

The man who knows our secrets, who knows every
Negociation with the Swede and Saxon,
Thro' whose hands all and every thing has pass'd—

WALLENSTEIN. *(drawing back)*

Nay, not Sefina?—Say, No! I entreat thee.

TERTSKY.

All on his road for Regenspurg to the Swede
He was plung'd down upon by Galas' agent,
Who had been long in ambush, lurking for him.
There must have been found on him my whole
packet

To Thur, to Kinsky, to Oxenstirn, to Arnheim:
All this is in their hands; they have now an insight
Into the whole—our measures, and our motives.

SCENE

SCENE III.

To them enters ILLO.

ILLO. (*to Tertsky*)

Has he heard it?

TERTSKY.

He has heard it.

ILLO. (*to Wallenstein*)

Think'st thou still

To make thy peace with the Emp'ror, to regain
His confidence?—E'en were it now thy wish
To abandon all thy plans, yet still they know
What thou hast wish'd; then forwards thou must
press;

Retreat is now no longer in thy power.

TERTSKY.

They have documents against us, and in hands,
Which shew beyond all power of contradiction—

WALLENSTEIN.

Of my hand-writing—no iota. Thee
I punish for thy lies.

ILLO.

And thou believ'st

That what this man, that what thy sister's husband,
Did in thy name, will not stand on thy reck'ning?
His word must pass for thy word with the Swede,
And not with those that hate thee at Vienna.

TERTSKY.

In writing thou gav'st nothing—But bethink thee,
How far thou ventured'st by word of mouth

With this Sefina? And will he be silent?
 If he can save himself by yielding up
 Thy secret purposes, will he retain them?

ILLO.

Thyself dost not conceive it possible;
 And since they now have evidence authentic
 How far thou hast already gone, speak!—tell us,
 What art thou waiting for? Thou canst no longer
 Keep thy command; and beyond hope of rescue
 Thou'rt lost, if thou resign'st it.

WALLENSTEIN.

In the army
 Lies my security. The army will not
 Abandon me. Whatever they may know,
 The power is mine, and they must gulp it down—
 And substitute I caution for my fealty,
 They must be satisfied, at least appear so.

ILLO.

The army, Duke, is thine now—for this moment—
 'Tis thine: but think with terror on the slow,
 The quiet power of time. From open violence
 The attachment of thy soldiery secures thee
 To-day—to-morrow; but grant'st thou them a
 respite,
 Unheard, unseen, they'll undermine that love
 On which thou now dost feel so firm a footing,
 With wily theft will draw away from thee
 One after th' other—

WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis a cursed accident!

ILLO.

ILLO.

O I will call it a most blessed one,
If it work on thee as it ought to do,
Hurry thee on to action—to decision—
The Swedish General——

WALLENSTEIN.

He's arriv'd!—Know'st thou
What his commission is——

ILLO.

To thee alone
Will he entrust the purpose of his coming.

WALLENSTEIN.

A cursed, cursed accident!—Yes, yes,
Sefina knows too much, and won't be silent.

TERTSKY.

He's a Bohemian fugitive and rebel,
His neck is forfeit. Can he save himself
At thy cost, think you he will scruple it?
And if they put him to the torture, will he,
Will *he*, that dastardling, have strength enough——

WALLENSTEIN. (*lost in thought*)

Their confidence is lost—irreparably!
And I may act what way I will, I shall
Be and remain for ever in their thought
A traitor to my country. How sincerely
Soever I return back to my duty,
It will no longer help me——

ILLO.

Ruin thee,
That it will do! Not thy fidelity,
Thy weakness will be deem'd the sole occasion——

WALLENSTEIN.

WALLENSTEIN. (*pacing up and down in extreme agitation*)

What ! I must realize it now in earnest,
Because I toy'd too freely with the thought ?
Accursed he who dallies with a devil !
And must I—I *must* realize it now—
Now, while I have the power, it *must* take place ?

ILLO.

Now—now—ere they can ward and parry it !

WALLENSTEIN. (*looking at the paper of signatures*)

I have the General's words—a written promise !
Max. Piccolomini stands not here—how's that ?

TERTSKY.

It was—he fancied——

ILLO.

Mere self-willedness.

There needed no such thing 'twixt him and you.

WALLENSTEIN.

He is quite right—there needeth no such thing.
The regiments, too, deny to march for Flanders—
Have sent me in a paper of remonstrance,
And openly resist the Imperial orders.
The first step to revolt's already taken.

ILLO.

Believe me, thou wilt find it far more easy
To lead them over to the enemy
Than to the Spaniard.

WALLENSTEIN.

I will hear, however,
What the Swede has to say to me.

ILLO.

ILLO. (*eagerly to Tertsky.*)

Go, call him!

He stands without the door in waiting.

WALLENSTEIN.

Stay!

Stay yet a little. It hath taken me
All by surprise,—it came too quick upon me;
'Tis wholly novel, that an accident,
With its dark lordship, and blind agency,
Should force me on with it.

ILLO.

First hear him only,
And after weigh it.

[*Exeunt Tertsky and Illo.*]

SCENE IV.

WALLENSTEIN. (*in soliloquy.*)

Is it possible?

Is't so? I can no longer what I would?
No longer draw back at my liking? I
Must *do* the deed, because I *thought* of it,
And fed this heart here with a dream? Because
I did not scowl temptation from my presence,
Dallied with thoughts of possible fulfilment,
Commenced no movement, left all time uncertain,
And only kept the road, the access open?
By the great God of Heaven! It was not
My serious meaning, it was ne'er resolve.
I, but amus'd myself with thinking of it.

The free-will tempted me, the power to do
 Or not to do it.—Was it criminal
 To make the fancy minister to hope,
 To fill the air with pretty toys of air,
 And clutch fantastic sceptres moving t'ward me?
 Was not the will kept free? Beheld I not
 The road of duty close beside me—but
 One little step, and once more I was in it!
 Where am I? Whither have I been transported?
 No road, no track behind me, but a wall,
 Impenetrable, insurmountable,
 Rises obedient to the spells I mutter'd
 And meant not—my own doings tower behind me.

(Pauses and remains in deep thought.)

A punishable man I seem, the guilt,
 Try what I will, I cannot roll off from me;
 The equivocal demeanour of my life
 Bears witness on my prosecutor's party,
 And even my purest acts from purest motives
 Suspicion poisons with malicious gloss.
 Were I that thing, for which I pass, that traitor,
 A goodly outside I had sure reserv'd,
 Had drawn the cov'rings thick and double round
 me,
 Been calm and chary of my utterance.
 But being conscious of the innocence
 Of my intent, my uncorrupted will,
 I gave way to my humours, to my passion:
 Bold were my words, because my deeds were *not*.
 Now every planless measure, chance event,
 The threat of rage, the vaunt of joy and triumph,
 And

And all the May-games of a heart o'erflowing,
 Will they connect, and weave them all together
 Into one web of treason; all will be plan,
 My eye ne'er absent from the far-off mark,
 Step tracing step, each step a politic progress;
 And out of all they'll fabricate a charge
 So specious, that I must myself stand *dumb*.
 I am caught in my own net, and only force,
 Naught but a sudden *rent* can liberate me.

(Pauses again.)

How else! since that the heart's unbiass'd instinct
 Impell'd me to the daring deed, which now
 Necessity, self-preservation, *orders*.
 Stern is the On-look of necessity,
 Not without shudder may a human hand
 Grasp the mysterious urn of destiny.
 My deed was mine, remaining in my bosom,
 Once suffer'd to escape from it's safe corner
 Within the heart, it's nursery and birth-place,
 Sent forth into the Foreign, it belongs
 For ever to those sly malicious powers
 Whom never art of man conciliated.

*(Paces in agitation through the chamber,
 then pauses, and, after the pause, breaks
 out again into audible soliloquy.)*

What is thy enterprize? thy aim? thy object?
 Hast honestly confess'd it to thyself?
 Power seated on a quiet throne thou'dst shake,
 Power on an ancient consecrated throne,
 Strong in possession, founded in old custom;
 Power by a thousand tough and stringy roots
 Fix'd

Fix'd to the people's pious nursery-faith.
 This, this will be no strife of strength with strength,
 That fear'd I not. I brave each combatant,
 Whom I can look on, fixing eye to eye,
 Who full himself of courage kindles courage
 In me too. 'Tis a foe invisible,
 The which I fear—a fearful enemy,
 Which in the human heart opposes me,
 By it's coward fear alone made fearful to me.
 Not that, which full of life, instinct with pow'r,
 Makes known it's present being, that is not
 The true, the perilously formidable.
 O no! it is the common, the quite common,
 The thing of an eternal yesterday,
 What ever was, and ever more returns,
 Sterling to-morrow, for to-day 'twas sterling!
 For of the wholly common is man made,
 And custom is his nurse! Woe then to them,
 Who lay irreverent hands upon his old
 House furniture, the dear inheritance
 From his forefathers. For time consecrates;
 And what is grey with age becomes religion.
 Be in possession, and thou hast the right,
 And sacred will the many guard it for thee!

(To the Page, who here enters.)

The Swedish officer?—Well, let him enter.

(The Page exit, Wallenstein fixes his eye in deep thought on the door.)

Yet is it pure—as yet!—the crime has come
 Not o'er this threshold yet—so slender is
 The boundary that divideth life's two paths.

SCENE

SCENE V.

WALLENSTEIN and WRANGEL.

WALLENSTEIN. (*after having fixed a searching look on him,*)
Your name is Wrangel?

WRANGEL,
Gustave Wrangel, General
Of the Sudermanian Blues.

WALLENSTEIN.
It was a Wrangel
Who injur'd me materially at Stralsund,
And by his brave resistance was the cause
Of th' opposition which that sea-port made.

WRANGEL.
It was the doing of the element
With which you fought, my Lord! and not my
merit.
The Baltic Neptune did assert his freedom,
The sea and land, it seem'd, were not to serve
One and the same.

WALLENSTEIN. (*makes the motion for him
to take a seat, and seats himself.*)
And where are your credentials?
Come you provided with full powers, Sir General?

WRANGEL.
There are so many scruples yet to solve——

WALLENSTEIN. (*having read the credentials.*)
An able letter!—Ay—he is a prudent
Intelligent

Intelligent master, whom you serve, Sir General !
 The Chancellor writes me, that he but fulfils
 His late departed Sovereign's own idea
 In helping me to the Bohemian crown.

WRANGEL.

He says the truth. Our great King, now in
 heaven,
 Did ever deem most highly of your Grace's
 Pre-eminent sense and military genius ;
 And always the commanding Intellect,
 He said, should have command, and be the King.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes, he *might* say it safely.—General Wrangel,
(Taking his hand affectionately.)
 Come, fair and open.—Trust me, I was always
 A Swede at heart. Ey ! that did you experience
 Both in Silesia and at Nuremburg ;
 I had you often in my power, and let you
 Always slip out by some back door or other.
 'Tis this for which the Court can ne'er forgive me,
 Which drives me to this present step : and since
 Our interests so run in one direction,
 E'n let us have a thorough confidence
 Each in the other.

WRANGEL.

Confidence will come
 Has each but only first security.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Chancellor still, I see, does not quite trust me,
 And, I confess—the game does not lie wholly
 To my advantage—Without doubt he thinks
 If I can play false with the Emperor,

Who is my Sov'reign, I can do the like
With th' enemy, and that *the one* too were
Sooner to be forgiven me than the *other*.
Is not this your opinion too, Sir General?

WRANGEL.

I have here an office merely, no opinion.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Emperor hath urged me to the uttermost.
I can no longer honourably serve him.
For my security, in self-defence,
I take this hard step, which my conscience blames.

WRANGEL.

That I believe. So far would no one go
Who was not forc'd to it.

(After a pause.)

What may have impelled
Your princely Highness in this wise to act
Toward your Sovereign Lord and Emperor,
Beseems not us to expound or criticize.
The Swede is fighting for his good old cause.
With his good sword and conscience. This con-
currence,
This opportunity, is in our favour,
And all advantages in war are lawful.
We take what offers without questioning;
And if all have its due and just proportions—

WALLENSTEIN.

Of what then are ye doubting? Of my will?
Or of my power? I pledg'd me to the Chancellor,
Would he trust me with sixteen thousand men,

M

That

That I would instantly go over to them
With eighteen thousand of the Emperor's troops.

WRANGEL.

Your Grace is known to be a mighty war-chief,
To be a second Attila and Pyrrhus.

'Tis talk'd of still with fresh astonishment,
How some years past, beyond all human faith,
You called an army forth, like a creation:
But yet——

WALLENSTEIN.

But yet?

WRANGEL.

But still the Chancellor thinks,
It might yet be an easier thing from nothing
To call forth sixty thousand men of battle,
Than to persuade one sixtieth part of them——

WALLENSTEIN.

What now? Out with it, friend?

WRANGEL.

To break their oaths.

WALLENSTEIN.

And he thinks *so*?—He judges like a Swede,
And like a Protestant. You Lutherans
Fight for your Bible. You are int'rested
About the cause; and with your *hearts* you follow
Your banners.—Among *you*, whoe'er deserts
To the enemy, hath broken covenant
With two Lords at one time.—We've no such
fancies.

WRANGEL.

WRANGEL.

Great God in Heaven! Have then the people here
No house and home, no fire-side, no altar?

WALLENSTEIN.

I will explain that to you, how it stands—
The Austrian *has* a country, ay, and loves it,
And has good cause to love it—but this army,
That calls itself th' Imperial, this that houses
Here in Bohemia, this has none—no country;
This is an outcast of all foreign lands,
Unclaim'd by town or tribe, to whom belongs
Nothing, except the universal fun.

WRANGEL.

But then the Nobles and the Officers?
Such a desertion, such a felony,
It is without example, my Lord Duke,
In the world's history.

WALLENSTEIN.

They are all mine—
Mine unconditionally—mine on all terms.
Not me, your own eyes you may trust,
[*He gives him the paper containing the
written oath. Wrangel reads it through,
and, having read it, lays it on the table,
remaining silent.*]

So then?

Now comprehend you?

WRANGEL.

Comprehend, who can!
My Lord Duke! I will let the mask drop—yes!

I've full powers for a final settlement.
 The Rhinegrave stands but four days march from
 here,
 With fifteen thousand men, and only waits
 For orders to proceed and join your army.
 Those orders I give out, immediately
 We're compromis'd.

WALLENSTEIN.

What asks the Chancellor?

WRANGLE. (*considerately.*)

Twelve Regiments, every man a Swede—my head
 The warrant—*and all might prove at last*
 Only false play——

WALLENSTEIN. (*starting.*)

Sir Swede!

WRANGLE. (*calmly proceeding.*)

Am therefore forc'd
 T' insist thereon, that he do formally,
 Irrevocably break with th' Emperor,
 Else not a Swede is trusted to Duke Friedland.

WALLENSTEIN.

Come, brief, and open! What is the demand?

WRANGLE.

That he forthwith disarm the Spanish reg'ments
 Attach'd to th' Emperor, that he seize Prague,
 And to the Swedes give up that city, with
 The strong pass Egra.

WALLENSTEIN.

That is much indeed!
 Prague!—Egra's granted—But—but Prague!—
 'Twon't do.

I give

I give you every security
Which you may ask of me in common reason—
But Prague—Bohemia—these, Sir General,
I can myself protect.

WRANGEL.

We doubt it not.

But 'tis not the protection that is now
Our sole concern. We want security,
That we shall not expend our men and money
All to no purpose.

WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis but reasonable.

WRANGEL.

And till we are indemnified, so long
Stays Prague in pledge.

WALLENSTEIN.

Then trust you us so little?

WRANGEL. (*rising.*)

The Swede, if he would treat well with the Ger-
man,

Must keep a sharp look-out. We have been call'd
Over the Baltic, we have sav'd the empire
From ruin—with our best blood have we seal'd
The liberty of faith, and gospel truth.

But now already is the benefaction
No longer felt, the load alone is felt.—

Ye look askance with evil eye upon us,
As foreigners, intruders in the empire,
And would fain send us, with some paltry sum
Of money, home again to our old forests.

No, no! my Lord Duke! no!—it never was

For Judas pay, for chinking gold and silver,
 That we did leave our King by the * Great Stone,
 No, not for gold and silver have there bled
 So many of our Swedish Nobles—neither
 Will we, with empty laurels for our payment,
 Hoist sail for our own country. *Citizens*
 Will we remain upon the foil, the which
 Our Monarch conquer'd for himself, and died,

WALLENSTEIN.

Help to keep down the common enemy,
 And the fair border land must needs be your's,

WRANGEL.

But when the common enemy lies vanquish'd,
 Who knits together our new friendship then?
 We know, Duke Friedland! though perhaps the
 Swede

Ought not t' have known it, that you carry on
 Secret negotiations with the Saxons.

Who is our warranty, that *we* are not
 The sacrifices in those articles

Which 'tis thought needful to conceal from us?

WALLENSTEIN. (*rises.*)

Think you of something better, Gustave Wrangel!
 Of Prague no more.

WRANGEL.

Here my commission ends,

* A great stone near Lützen, since called the Swede's Stone, the body of their great King having been found at the foot of it, after the battle in which he lost his life.

FIRST PART OF WALLENSTEIN. 167

WALLENSTEIN.

Surrender up to you my capital !
Far liever would I face about, and step
Back to my Emperor.

WRANGEL.

If time yet permits——

WALLENSTEIN.

That lies with me, even now, at any hour.

WRANGEL.

Some days ago, perhaps. To-day, no longer,
No longer since Sefina's been a prisoner.

(Wallenstein is struck, and silenced.)

My Lord Duke, hear me—We believe that you
At present do mean honourably by us.
Since *yesterday* we're sure of that—and now
This paper warrants for the troops, there's nothing
Stands in the way of our full confidence.
Prague shall not part us. Hear ! The Chancellor
Contents himself with Albstadt, to your Grace
He gives up Ratfchin and the narrow side,
But Egra, above all, must open to us,
E're we can think of any junction.

WALLENSTEIN.

You,

You therefore must I trust, and you not me ?
I will consider of your proposition.

WRANGEL.

I must entreat, that your consideration
Occupy not too long a time. Already
Has this negociation, my Lord Duke !
Crept on into the second year. If nothing

Is settled this time, will the Chancellor
Consider it as broken off for ever.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ye press me hard. A measure, such as this,
Ought to be *thought* of.

WRANGEL.

Ay! but think of this too,
That sudden action only can procure it
Success—think first of this, your Highness.

[*Exit Wrangel.*]

SCENE VI.

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, and ILLO (*re-
enter.*)

ILLO.

Is't all right?

TERTSKY.

Are you compromis'd?

ILLO.

This Swede
Went smiling from you. Yes! you're compro-
mis'd.

WALLENSTEIN.

As yet is nothing settled: and (well weigh'd)
I feel myself inclin'd to leave it so.

TERTSKY.

How? What is that?

WALLENSTEIN.

Come on me what will come,
The doing evil to avoid an evil
Cannot be good !

TERTSKY.

Nay, but bethink you, Duke ?

WALLENSTEIN.

To live upon the mercy of these Swedes !
Of these proud-hearted Swedes ! I could not bear it.

ILLO.

Goeft thou as fugitive, as mendicant ?
Bring'st thou not more to them than thou receiv'st ?

SCENE VII.

To these enter the COUNTESS TERTSKY.

WALLENSTEIN.

Who sent for you ? There is no business here
For women.

COUNTESS.

I am come to bid you joy.

WALLENSTEIN.

Use thy authority, Tertsky, bid her go.

COUNTESS.

Come I perhaps too early ? I hope not.

WALLENSTEIN.

WALLENSTEIN.

Set not this tongue upon me, I entreat you.
 You know it is the weapon that destroys me.
 I am routed, if a woman but attack me.
 I cannot traffic in the trade of words
 With that unreasoning sex.

COUNTESS.

I had already
 Giv'n the Bohemians a king.

WALLENSTEIN. (*sarcastically.*)

They have one,
 In consequence, no doubt.

COUNTESS (*to the others.*)

Ha! what new scruple?

TERTSKY.

The Duke will not.

COUNTESS.

He *will* not what he *must*!

ILLO.

It lies with you now. Try. For I am silenced,
 When folks begin to talk to me of conscience,
 And of fidelity.

COUNTESS.

How? then, when all
 Lay in the far off distance, when the road
 Stretch'd out before thine eyes interminably,
 Then hadst thou courage and resolve; and now,
 Now that the dream is being realized,

The

The purpose ripe, the issue ascertained,
Dost thou begin to play the dastard now ?
Plann'd merely, 'tis a common felony ;
Accomplish'd, an immortal undertaking ;
And with success comes pardon hand in hand ;
For all event is God's arbitrement.

SERVANT. (*enters.*)

The Colonel Piccolomini.

COUNTESS. (*hastily.*)

—Must wait,

WALLENSTEIN.

I cannot see him now. Another time.

SERVANT.

But for two minutes he entreats an audience,
Of the most urgent nature is his business.

WALLENSTEIN.

Who knows what he may bring us ? I will hear him.

COUNTESS. (*laughs.*)

Urgent for him, no doubt ; but thou may'st wait.

WALLENSTEIN.

What is it ?

COUNTESS.

Thou shalt be inform'd hereafter.
First let the Swede and thee be compromised.

[*Exit Servant.*]

WALLENSTEIN.

If there were yet a choice ; if yet some milder
Way of escape were possible—I still
Will chuse it, and avoid the last extreme.

COUNTESS.

COUNTESS.

Desir'st thou nothing further? Such a way
 Lies still before thee. Send this Wrangel off.
 Forget thou thy old hopes, cast far away
 All thy past life; determine to commence
 A new one. Virtue hath her heroes too,
 As well as Fame and Fortune.—To Vienna—
 Hence—to the Emperor—kneel before the throne;
 Take a full coffer with thee—say aloud,
 Thou did'st but wish to prove thy fealty;
 Thy whole intention but to dupe the Swede.

ILLO.

For that too 'tis too late. They know too much.
 He would but bear his own head to the block.

COUNTESS.

I fear not that. They have not evidence
 To attain him legally, and they avoid
 The avowal of an arbitrary power.
 They'll let the Duke resign without disturbance.
 I see how all will end. The King of Hungary
 Makes his appearance, and 'twill of itself
 Be understood, that then the Duke retires.
 There will not want a formal declaration.
 The young King will administer the oath
 To the whole army; and so all returns
 To the old position. On some morrow morning
 The Duke departs; and now 'tis stir and bustle
 Within his castles. He will hunt, and build,
 Superintend his horses' pedigrees,

Create

Creates himself a court, gives golden keys,
 And introduceth strictest ceremony
 In fine proportions, and nice etiquette;
 Keeps open table with high cheer; in brief
 Commenceth mighty King—in miniature.
 And while he prudently demeans himself,
 And gives himself no actual importance,
 He will be let appear whate'er he likes;
 And who dares doubt, that Friedland will appear
 A mighty Prince to his last dying hour?
 Well now, what then? Duke Friedland is, as
 others,
 A fire-new Noble, whom the war hath rais'd
 To price and currency, a Jonah's Gourd,
 An over-night creation of court-favour,
 With which an undistinguishable ease
 Makes Baron or makes Prince.

WALLENSTEIN. (*in extreme agitation.*)

Take her away.

Let in the young Count Piccolomini.

COUNTESS.

Art thou in earnest? I entreat thee! Can'st thou
 Consent to bear thyself to thy own grave,
 So ignominiously to be dried up?
 Thy life, that arrogated such an height,
 To end in such a nothing! To be nothing,
 When one was always nothing, is an evil
 That asks no stretch of patience, a light evil,
 But to become a nothing, having been—

WALLENSTEIN.

WALLENSTEIN. (*Rarts up in violent agitation.*)

Shew me a way out of this stifling crowd,
Ye Powers of Aidance ! Shew me such a way
As *I* am capable of going.—I
Am no tongue-hero, no fine virtue-prattler ;
I can not warm by thinking ; cannot say
To the good luck that turns her back upon me,
Magnanimously : “ Go ! I need thee not.”
Cease I to work, I am annihilated.
Dangers nor sacrifices will I shun,
If so I may avoid the last extreme ;
But ere I sink down into nothingness,
Leave off so little, who begun so great,
Ere that the world confuses me with those
Poor wretches, whom a day creates and crumbles,
This age and * after-ages speak my name
With hate and dread ; and Friedland be redemption
For each accursed deed !

COUNTESS.

What is there here, then,
So against nature ? Help me to perceive it !
O let not Superstition's nightly goblins
Subdue thy clear bright spirit ! Art thou bid
To murder ?—with abhorr'd accursed poinard,

* Could I have hazarded such a Germanism, as the use of the word after-world, for posterity.—“ Es spreche Welt und Nachwelt meinen Nahmen”—might have been rendered with more literal fidelity :—Let world and after-world speak out my name, &c.

To violate the breasts that nourish'd thee?
That *were* against our nature, that might aptly
* Make thy flesh shudder, and thy whole heart
sicken.

Yet not a few, and for a meaner object
Have ventur'd even this, ay, and perform'd it.
What is there in thy case so black and monstrous?
Thou art accus'd of treason—whether with
Or without justice is not now the question—
Thou art lost if thou dost not avail thee quickly
Of the power which thou possessest.—Friedland!
Duke!

Tell me, where lives that thing so meek and tame,
That doth not all his living faculties
Put forth in preservation of his life?
What deed so daring, which necessity
And desperation will not sanctify?

WALLENSTEIN.

Once was this Ferdinand so gracious to me:
He lov'd me; he esteem'd me; I was plac'd
The nearest to his heart. Full many a time
We like familiar friends, both at one table,
Have banqueted together. He and I—
And the young kings themselves held me the bason
Where with to wash me—and is't come to this?

COUNTESS.

So faithfully preserv'st thou each small favour,
And hast no memory for contumelies?

* I have not ventured to affront the fastidious delicacy of our age with a literal translation of this line.

“werth

“Die Eingeweide schauernd aufzuregen.”

Must

Must I remind thee, how at Regenspurg
 This man repaid thy faithful services?
 All ranks and all conditions in the empire
 Thou hadst wrong'd, to make him great,—hadst
 loaded on thee,

On *thee*, the hate, the curse of the whole world.
 No friend existed for thee in all Germany,
 And why? because thou hadst existed only
 For th' Emperor. To th' Emperor alone
 Clung Friedland in that storm which gather'd
 round him

At Regenspurg in the Diet—and he dropp'd thee!
 He let thee fall! He let thee fall a victim
 To the Bavarian, to that insolent!
 Depos'd, stript bare of all thy dignity
 And power, amid the taunting of thy foes,
 Thou wert let drop into obscurity.—
 Say not, the restoration of thy honour
 Has made atonement for that first injustice.
 No honest good-will was it that replac'd thee,
 The law of hard necessity replac'd thee,
 Which they had fain oppos'd, but that they could
 not.

WALLENSTEIN.

Not to their good wishes, that is certain,
 Nor yet to his affection I'm indebted
 For this high office; and if I abuse it,
 I shall therein abuse no confidence.

COUNTESS.

Affection! confidence!—They *needed* thee.
 Necessity, impetuous remonstrant!

Who

Who not with empty names, or shews of proxy,
Is serv'd, who'll have the thing and not the symbol,
Ever seeks out the greatest and the best,
And at the rudder places *him*, e'en though
She had been forc'd to take him from the rabble—
She, this Necessity, it was that plac'd thee
In this high office, it was she that gave thee
Thy letters patent of inauguration.
For, to the uttermost moment that they can,
This race still help themselves at cheapest rate
With slavish souls, with puppets! At the approach
Of extreme peril, when a hollow image
Is found a hollow image and no more,
Then falls the power into the mighty hands
Of Nature, of the spirit giant-born,
Who listens only to himself, knows nothing
Of stipulations, duties, reverences,
And, like th' emancipated force of fire,
Unmaster'd scorches, ere it it reaches them,
Their fine-spun webs, their artificial policy.

WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis true! they saw me always as I am—
Always! I did not cheat them in the bargain.
I never held it worth my pains to hide
The bold all-grasping habit of my soul.

COUNTESS.

Nay rather—thou hast ever shewn thyself
A formidable man, without restraint;
Hast exercis'd the full prerogatives

N

Of

Of thy impetuous nature, which had been
 Once granted to thee. Therefore, Duke, not *thou*,
 Who hast still remain'd consistent with thyself,
 But *they* are in the wrong, who fearing thee,
 Entrusted such a power in hands, they fear'd.
 For, by the laws of Spirit, in the right
 Is every individual character
 That acts in strict consistence with itself.
 Self-contradiction is the only wrong.
 Wert thou another being, then, when thou
 Eight years ago pursuedst thy march with fire
 And sword, and desolation, through the Circles
 Of Germany, the universal scourge,
 Didst mock all ordinances of the empire,
 The fearful rights of strength alone exertedst,
 Trampledst to earth each rank, each magistracy,
 All to extend thy Sultan's domination?
 Then was the time to break thee in, to curb
 Thy haughty will, to teach thee ordinance.
 But no! the Emperor felt no touch of conscience,
 What serv'd him pleas'd him, and without a murmur
 He stamp'd his broad seal on these lawless deeds.
 What at that time was right, because thou didst it
For him, to day is all at once become
 Opprobrious, foul, because it is directed
Against him.—O most flimsy superstition!

WALLENSTEIN. (*rising*)

I never saw it in this light before.
 'Tis even so. The Emperor perpetrated
 Deeds through my arm, deeds most unorderedly.

And

And even this prince's mantle, which I wear,
I owe to what were services to him,
But most high misdemeanours 'gainst the empire.

COUNTESS.

Then betwixt thee and him (confess it, Friedland!)
The point can be no more of right and duty,
Only of power and th' opportunity.
That opportunity, lo! it comes yonder,
Approaching with swift steeds; then with a swing
Throw thyself up into the chariot seat,
Seize with firm hand the reins, ere thy opponent
Anticipate thee, and himself make conquest
Of the now empty seat. The moment comes,
It is already here, when thou must write
The absolute total of thy life's vast sum.
The constellations stand victorious o'er thee,
The planets shoot good fortune in fair junctions,
And tell thee, "Now's the time!" The starry
courses

Haft thou thy life-long measur'd to no purpose?
The quadrant and the circle, were they play things?
(pointing to the different objects in the room)
The zodiacs, the rolling orbs of heaven,
Haft pictur'd on these walls, and all around thee
In dumb, foreboding symbols haft thou plac'd
These seven presiding Lords of destiny—
For toys? Is all this preparation nothing?
Is there no marrow in this hollow art,
That even to thyself it doth avail
Nothing, and has no influence over thee

In the great moment of decision?—

WALLENSTEIN. (*during this last speech walks up and down with inward struggles, labouring with passions; stops suddenly, stands still, then interrupting the Countess,*)

Send Wrangel to me—I will instantly
Dispatch three couriers—

ILLO. (*hurrying out*)

God in heaven be prais'd!

WALLENSTEIN.

It is *his* evil genius and *mine*.

Our evil genius! It chastises *him*

Through me, the instrument of his ambition;

And I expect no less, than that Revenge

E'en now is whetting for *my* breast the poniard.

Who sows the serpent's teeth, let him not hope

To reap a joyous harvest. Every crime

Has, in the moment of its perpetration,

Its own avenging angel—dark Misgiving,

An ominous Sinking at the inmost heart.

He can no longer trust me.—Then no longer

Can I retreat—so come that which must come.—

Still destiny preserves its due relations,

The heart within us is its absolute

Vicegerent.

(*to Tertsky*)

Go, conduct you Gustave Wrangel
To my state-cabinet.—Myself will speak to
The couriers.—And dispatch immediately
A servant for Octavio Piccolomini.

(*to*

FIRST PART OF WALLENSTEIN. 181

(to the Countess, who cannot conceal her triumph)

No exultation!—woman, triumph not!

For jealous are the Powers of Destiny.

Joy premature, and Shouts ere victory,

Incroach upon their rights and privileges.

We sow the seed, and they the growth determine.

[While he is making his exit, the curtain drops.]

END OF ACT IV.

N 3

ACT

ACT V.*Scene, as in the preceding Act.*

SCENE I.

WALLENSTEIN, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI.

WALLENSTEIN. (*coming forward in conversation.*)

He sends me word from Linz, that he lies sick;
 But I have sure intelligence, that he
 Secretes himself at Frauenberg with Galas.
 Secure them both, and send them to me hither.
 Remember, thou tak'st on thee the command
 Of those same Spanish regiments,—constantly
 Make preparation, and be never ready;
 And if they urge thee to draw out against me,
 Still answer YES, and stand as thou wert fetter'd.
 I know, that it is doing thee a service
 To keep thee out of action in this business.
 Thou lov'st to linger on in fair appearances;
 Steps of extremity are not thy province,
 Therefore have I sought out this part for thee.
 Thou wilt this time be of most service to me
 By thy inertness. The mean time, if fortune
 Declare itself on my side, thou wilt know
 What is to do.

(Enter

(Enter MAX. PICCOLOMINI.)

-Now go, Octavio.

This night must thou be off, take my own horses :
Him here I keep with me—make short farewell—
Trust me, I think we all shall meet again
In joy and thriving fortunes.

OCTAVIO. (*to his son.*)

I shall see you

Yet e'er I go.

SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

MAX. (*advances to him.*)

My General!

WALLENSTEIN.

That am I no longer, if
Thou styl'st thyself the Emperor's officer.

MAX.

Then thou wilt leave the army, General?

WALLENSTEIN.

I have renounc'd the service of the Emperor.

MAX.

And thou wilt leave the army?

WALLENSTEIN.

Rather hope I
To bind it nearer still and faster to me.

(*He seats himself.*)

Yes, Max, I have delay'd to open it to thee,
Even till the hour of acting 'gins to strike.

Youth's fortunate feeling doth seize easily
 The absolute right, yea, and a joy it is
 To exercise the single apprehension
 Where the fums square in proof;
 But where it happens, that of two sure evils
 One must be taken, where the heart not wholly
 Brings itself back from out the strife of duties,
 There 'tis a blessing to have no election,
 And blank necessity is grace and favour.
 —This is now present: do not look behind thee,—
 It can no more avail thee. Look thou forwards!
 Think not! judge not! prepare thyself to act!
 The Court—it hath determin'd on my ruin,
 Therefore I will to be beforehand with them.
 We'll join the Swedes—right gallant fellows are
 they,
 And our good friends.

*(He stops himself, expecting Piccolomini's
 answer.)*

I have ta'en thee by surprise. Answer me not.
 I grant thee time to recollect thyself.

(He rises, and retires at the back of the stage.

*MAX. remains for a long time motionless, in
 a trance of excessive anguish. At his first mo-
 tion Wallenstein returns, and places himself
 before him.)*

MAX.

My General, this day thou makest me
 Of age, to speak in my own right and person,
 For till this day I have been spared the trouble
 To find out my own road. Thee have I follow'd
 With

With most implicit unconditional faith,
 Sure of the right path if I follow'd thee.
 To day, for the first time, dost thou refer
 Me to myself, and forcest me to make
 Election between thee and my own heart.

WALLENSTEIN.

Soft cradled thee thy Fortune till to day;
 Thy duties thou couldst exercise in sport,
 Indulge all lovely instincts, act for ever
 With undivided heart. It can remain
 No longer thus. Like enemies, the roads
 Start from each other. Duties strive with duties.
 Thou must needs chuse thy party in the war
 Which is now kindling 'twixt thy friend and him
 Who is thy Emperor.

MAX.

War! is that the name?

War is as frightful as heaven's pestilence,
 Yet it is good, is it heaven's will as that is.
 Is that a good war, which against the Emperor
 Thou wagest with the Emperor's own army?
 O God of heaven! what a change is this.
 Beseems it me to offer such persuasion
 To thee, who like the fix'd star of the pole
 Wert all, I gaz'd at, on life's trackless ocean?
 O! what a rent thou makest in my heart!
 The ingrained instinct of old reverence,
 The holy habit of obedience,
 Must I pluck live asunder from thy name?
 Nay, do not turn thy countenance upon me—

It

It always was a god looking at me!
 Duke Wallenstein, its power is not departed:
 The senses still are in thy bonds, although,
 Bleeding, the soul hath freed itself.

WALLENSTEIN.

Max, hear me.

MAX.

O! do it not, I pray thee, do it not!
 There is a pure and noble soul within thee,
 Knows not of this unblest, unlucky doing.
 Thy will is chaste, it is thy fancy only
 Which hath polluted thee—and innocence,
 It will not let itself be driv'n away
 From that world-awing aspect. Thou wilt not,
 Thou canst not, end in this. It would reduce
 All human creatures to disloyalty
 Against the nobleness of their own nature.
 'Twill justify the vulgar misbelief,
 Which holdeth nothing noble in free will,
 And trusts itself to impotence alone
 Made powerful only in an unknown power.

WALLENSTEIN.

The world will judge me sternly, I expect it.
 Already have I said to my own self
 All thou canst say to me. Who but avoids
 Th' extreme,—can he by going round avoid it?
 But here there is no choice. Yes—I must use
 Or suffer violence—so stands the case,
 There remains nothing possible but that.

MAX.

MAX.

O that is never possible for thee!
 'Tis the last desperate resource of those
 Cheap souls, to whom their honor, their good name
 Is their poor *saving*, their last worthless *Keep*,
 Which having stak'd and lost, they stake themselves
 In the mad rage of gaming. Thou art rich,
 And glorious; with an unpolluted heart
 Thou canst make conquest of whate'er seems
 highest!
 But he, who once hath acted infamy,
 Does nothing more in this world.

WALLENSTEIN. (*grasps his hand*)

Calmly, Max!

Much that is great and excellent will we
 Perform together yet. And if we only
 Stand on the height with dignity, 'tis soon
 Forgotten, Max, by what road we ascended.
 Believe me, many a crown shines spotless now,
 That yet was deeply sullied in the winning.
 To the evil spirit doth the earth belong,
 Not to the good. All, that the powers divine
 Send from above, are universal blessings:
 Their light rejoices us, their air refreshes,
 But never yet was man enrich'd by them:
 In their eternal realm no *property*
 Is to be struggled for—all there is general,
 The jewel, the all-valued gold we win
 From the deceiving Powers, deprav'd in nature,
 That dwell beneath the day and blessed sun-light,
 Not without sacrifices are they render'd

Propitious, and there lives no soul on earth
That e'er retir'd unsullied from their service.

MAX.

Whate'er is human, to the human being
Do I allow—and to the vehement
And striving spirit readily I pardon
Th' excess of action; but to thee, my general!
Above *all* others make I large concession.
For thou must move a world, and be the master—
He kills thee, who condemns thee to inaction.
So be it then! maintain thee in thy post
By violence. Resist the Emperor,
And if it must be, force with force repel:
I will not praise it, yet I can forgive it.
But not—not to the *traitor*—yes!—the word
Is spoken out——
Not to the traitor can I yield a pardon.
That is no mere excess! that is no error
Of human nature—that is wholly diff'rent,
O that is black, black as the pit of hell!

(Wallenstein betrays a sudden agitation.)

Thou canst not hear it *nam'd*, and wilt thou *do* it?
O turn back to thy duty. That thou canst,
I hold it certain. Send me to Vienna.
I'll make thy peace for thee with th' Emperor.
He knows thee not. But I do know thee. He
Shall see thee, Duke! with my unclouded eye,
And I bring back his confidence to thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

WALLENSTEIN.

It is too late. Thou know'st not what has happen'd.

MAX.

Were it too late, and were gone so far,
That a crime only could prevent thy fall,
Then—fall! fall honourably, even as thou stood'st.
Lose the command. Go from the stage of war.
Thou canst with splendour do it—do it too
With innocence. Thou hast liv'd much for others.
At length live thou for thy own self. I follow
thee.

My destiny I never part from thine.

WALLENSTEIN.

It is too late! Even now, while thou art losing
Thy words, one after the other are the mile-stones
Left fast behind by my post couriers,
Who bear the order on to Prague and Egra.

*(Max. stands as convuls'd, with a gesture and
countenance expressing the most intense an-
guish.)*

Yield thyself to it. We act as we are forc'd.
I cannot give assent to my own shame
And ruin. *Thou*—no—thou canst not forsake me!
So let us do, what must be done, with dignity,
With a firm step. What am I doing worse
Than did fam'd Cæsar at the Rubicon,
When he the legions led against his country,
The which his country had deliver'd to him?
Had he thrown down the sword, he had been lost,
As

As I were, if I but disarm'd myself.
 I trace out something in me of his spirit.
 Give me his luck, *that other thing* I'll bear.

(*Max. quits him abruptly. Wallenstein, startled and overpowered, continues looking after him, and is still in this posture when Tertsky enters.*)

SCENE III.

WALLENSTEIN. TERTSKY.

TERTSKY.

Max Piccolomini just left you?

WALLENSTEIN.

Where is Wrangel?

TERTSKY.

He is already gone.

WALLENSTEIN.

In such a hurry?

TERTSKY.

It is as if the earth had swallow'd him.
 He had scarce left thee, when I went to seek him.
 I wish'd some words with him—but he was gone.
 How, when, and where, could no one tell me. Nay,
 I half believe it was the devil himself;
 A human creature could not so at once
 Have vanish'd.

ILLO.

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ILLO. (*enters*)
Is it true that thou wilt send
Octavio?

TERTSKY.
How, Octavio! Whither send him?

WALLENSTEIN.
He goes to Frauenberg, and will lead hither
The Spanish and Italian regiments.

ILLO.
No!—
Nay, Heaven forbid!

WALLENSTEIN.
And why should Heaven forbid?

ILLO.
Him!—that deceiver! Would'st thou trust to him
The soldiery? Him wilt thou let slip from thee,
Now, in the very instant that decides us——

TERTSKY.
Thou wilt not do this!—No! I pray thee, no!

WALLENSTEIN.
Ye are whimsical.

ILLO.
O but for this time, Duke,
Yield to our warning! Let him not depart.

WALLENSTEIN.
And why should I not trust him only this time,
Who have always trusted him? What, then, has
happen'd,
That I should lose my good opinion of him?
In complaisance to your whims, not my own,
I must,

192 THE PICCOLOMINI, OR THE

I must, forsooth, give up a rooted judgment.
Think not I am a woman. Having trusted him
E'en 'till to-day, to-day too will I trust him.

TERTSKY.

Must it be he—he only? Send another.

WALLENSTEIN.

It must be he, whom I myself have chosen;
He is well fitted for the business. Therefore
I gave it him.

ILLO.

Because he's an Italian—
Therefore is he well fitted for the business.

WALLENSTEIN.

I know you love them not—nor fire nor son—
Because that I esteem them, love them—visibly
Esteem them, love them more than you and others,
E'en as they merit. Therefore are they eye-blights,
Thorns in your foot-path. But your jealousies,
In what affect they me or my concerns?
Are they the worse to *me* because you hate them?
Love or hate one another as you will,
I leave to each man his own moods and likings;
Yet know the worth of each of you to me.

ILLO.

Von Questenberg, while he was here, was always
Lurking about with this Octavio.

WALLENSTEIN.

It happen'd with my knowledge and permission.

ILLO.

I know that secret messengers came to him
From Galas——

WALLENSTEIN.

WALLENSTEIN.

That's not true.

ILLO.

O thou art blind
With thy deep-seeing eyes.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou wilt not shake
My faith for me—my faith, which founds itself
On the profoundest science. If 'tis false,
Then the whole science of the stars is false.
For know, I have a pledge from Fate itself,
That he is the most faithful of my friends.

ILLO.

Haft thou a pledge, that this pledge is not false?

WALLENSTEIN.

There exist moments in the life of man,
When he is nearer the great Soul of the world
Than is man's custom, and possesses freely
The power of questioning his destiny:
And such a moment 'twas, when in the night
Before the action in the plains of Lützen,
Leaning against a tree, thoughts crowding thoughts,
I look'd out far upon the ominous plain.
My whole life, past and future, in this moment
Before my mind's eye glided in procession,
And to the destiny of the next morning
The spirit, fill'd with anxious presentiment,
Did knit the most remov'd futurity.
Then said I also to myself, " So many
Dost thou command. They follow all thy stars,
And as on some great number set their All

o

Upon

Upon thy single head, and only man
 The vessel of thy fortune. Yet a day
 Will come, when Destiny shall once more scatter
 All these in many a several direction:
 Few be they who will stand out faithful to thee."
 I yearn'd to know which one was faithfullest
 Of all, this camp include. Great Destiny,
 Give me a sign! And he shall be the man,
 Who, on th' approaching morning, comes the first
 To meet me with some token of his love:
 And thinking this, I fell into a slumber.
 Then midmost in the battle was I led
 In spirit. Great the pressure and the tumult!
 Then was my horse kill'd under me: I sank;
 And over me away, all unconcernedly,
 Drove horse and rider—and thus trod to pieces
 I lay, and panted like a dying man.
 Then seiz'd me suddenly a saviour arm.
 It was Octavio's—I awoke at once.
 'Twas broad day, and *Octavio* stood before me.
 "My brother," said he, "do not ride to-day
 "The dapple, as you're wont; but mount the
 "horse
 "Which I have chosen for thee. Do it, brother!
 "In love to me. A strong dream warn'd me so."
 It was the swiftness of this horse that snatch'd me
 From the hot pursuit of Bannier's dragoons.
 My cousin rode the dapple on that day,
 And never more saw I or horse or rider.

ILLO.

That was a chance.

WALLENSTEIN.

WALLENSTEIN. (*significantly*)

There's no such thing as chance.
In brief, 'tis sign'd and seal'd that this Octavio
Is my good angel—and now no word more.
(*He is retiring.*)

TERTSKY.

This is my comfort—Max. remains our hostage.

ILLO.

And he shall never stir from here alive.

WALLENSTEIN. (*stops, and turns himself round*)

Are ye not like the women, who for ever
Only recur to their first word, altho'
One had been talking reason by the hour?
Know, that the human being's thoughts and deeds
Are not, like ocean billows, blindly mov'd.
The inner world, his microcosmus, is
The deep shaft, out of which they spring eternally.
They grow by certain laws, like the tree's fruit—
No juggling chance can metamorphose them.
Have I the human *kernel* first examin'd?
Then I know, too, the future will and action.

SCENE IV.

*Scene a Chamber in Piccolomini's Dwelling-
House.*

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, ISOLANI, *entering.*

ISOLANI.

Here am I—Well! who comes yet of the others?

O 2

OCTAVIO

OCTAVIO. (*with an air of mystery*)

But, first, a word with you, Count Isolani.

ISOLANI. (*assuming the same air of mystery*)

Will it explode, ha?—Is the Duke about
To make th' attempt? In me, friend, you may
place

Full confidence.—Nay, put me to the proof.

OCTAVIO.

That may happen.

ISOLANI.

Noble brother, I am

Not one of those men who in words are valiant,
And when it comes to action skulk away.

The Duke has acted towards me as a friend.

Gods knows it is so; and I owe him all——

He may rely on my fidelity.

OCTAVIO.

That will be seen hereafter.

ISOLANI.

Be on your guard.

All think not as I think; and there are many
Who still hold with the Court—yes, and they say
That those stol'n signatures bind them to nothing.

OCTAVIO.

I am rejoic'd to hear it.

ISOLANI.

You rejoice!

OCTAVIO.

That the Emperor has yet such gallant servants
And loving friends.

ISOLANI.

ISOLANI.

Nay, jeer not, I entreat you.
They are no such worthless fellows, I assure you.

OCTAVIO.

I am assur'd already. God forbid
That I should jest!—In very serious earnest
I am rejoic'd to see an honest cause
So strong.

ISOLANI.

The devil!—what!—why, what means this?
Are you not, then——For what, then, am I here?

OCTAVIO.

That you may make full declaration, whether
You will be call'd the friend or enemy
Of th' Emperor.

ISOLANI. (*with an air of defiance*)

That declaration, friend,
I'll make to him in whom a right is plac'd
To put that question to me.

OCTAVIO.

Whether, Count,
That right is mine, this paper may instruct you.

ISOLANI. (*flammering*)

Why—why—what! *this* is the Emperor's hand
and seal! (*Reads.*)

“Whereas the officers collectively
“Throughout our army will obey the orders
“Of the Lieutenant-general Piccolomini,
“As from ourselves.”——*Hem!*—Yes! so!—
Yes! yes!—

I—I give you joy, Lieutenant-general!

OCTAVIO.

And you submit you to the order?

ISOLANI.

I——

But you have taken me so by surprize—

Time for reflection one *must* have——

OCTAVIO.

Two minutes.

ISOLANI.

My God! But then the case is——

OCTAVIO.

Plain and simple.

You must declare you, whether you determine

To act a treason 'gainst your Lord and Sovereign,

Or whether you will serve him faithfully.

ISOLANI.

Treason!—My God!—But who talks then of
treason?

OCTAVIO.

That is the case. The Prince-duke is a traitor—

Means to lead over to the enemy

The Emperor's army.—Now, Count!—brief and
full—

Say, will you break your oath to th' Emperor?

Sell yourself to the enemy?—Say, will you?

ISOLANI.

What mean you? I—I break my oath, d'ye say,

To his Imperial Majesty?

Did I say so?—When, when have I said that?

OCTAVIO.

OCTAVIO.

You have not said it yet—not yet. This instant
I wait to hear, Count, whether you *will* say it.

ISOLANI.

Aye! that delights me now, that you yourself
Bear witness for me that I never said so.

OCTAVIO.

And you renounce the Duke then?

ISOLANI.

If he's planning
Treason—why, treason breaks all bonds asunder.

OCTAVIO.

And are determin'd, too, to fight against him?

ISOLANI.

He has done me service—but if he's a villain,
Perdition seize him!—All scores are rubb'd off.

OCTAVIO.

I am rejoic'd that you're so well dispos'd.
This night break off in th' utmost secrecy
With all the light-arm'd troops—it must appear
As came the order from the Duke himself.
At Frauenberg's the place of rendezvous;
There will Count Galas give you further orders.

ISOLANI.

It shall be done. But you'll remember me
With th' Emperor—how well-dispos'd you found
me.

OCTAVIO.

I will not fail to mention it honourably.

[*Exit Isolani. A Servant enters.*]

What, Colonel Butler!—Shew him up.

ISOLANI. (*returning*)

Forgive me too my bearish ways, old father!
Lord God! how should I know, then, what a great
Person I had before me.

OCTAVIO.

No excuses!

ISOLANI.

I am a merry lad, and if at time
A rash word might escape me 'gainst the court
Amidst my wine—you know no harm was meant.
[Exit.]

OCTAVIO.

You need not be uneasy on that score.
That has succeeded. Fortune favour us
With all the others only but as much!

SCENE V.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI. BUTLER.

BUTLER.

At your command, Lieutenant General.

OCTAVIO.

Welcome, as honor'd friend and visitor.

BUTLER.

You do me too much honour.

OCTAVIO.

OCTAVIO. (*after both have seated themselves.*)

You have not
Return'd the advances which I made you yesterday—
Misunderstood them, as mere empty forms.
That with proceeded from my heart—I was
In earnest with you—for 'tis now a time
In which the honest should unite most closely.

BUTLER.

'Tis only the like-minded can unite.

OCTAVIO.

True! and I name all honest men like-minded.
I never charge a man but with those acts
To which his character deliberately
Impels him; for alas! the violence
Of blind misunderstandings often thrusts
The very best of us from the right track.
You came thro' Frauenberg. Did the Count Galas
Say nothing to you? Tell me. He's my friend.

BUTLER.

His words were lost on *me*.

OCTAVIO.

It grieves me sorely

To hear it: for his counsel was most wise.
I had myself the like to offer.

BUTLER.

Spare

Yourself the trouble—me th' embarrassment,
To have deserv'd so ill your good opinion.

OCTAVIO.

OCTAVIO.

The time is precious—let us talk openly.
 You know how matters stand here. Wallenstein
 Meditates treason—I can tell you further—
 He has committed treason; but few hours
 Have past, since he a covenant concluded
 With th' enemy. The messengers are now
 Full on their way to Egra and to Prague.
 To-morrow he intends to lead us over
 To th' enemy. But he deceives himself;
 For Prudence wakes—the Emperor has still
 Many and faithful friends here, and they stand
 In closest union, mighty tho' unseen.
 This manifesto sentences the Duke—
 Recals the obedience of the army from him,
 And summons all the loyal, all the honest,
 To join and recognize in me their leader.
 Choose—will you share with us an honest cause?
 Or with the evil share an evil lot.

BUTLER. (*rises.*)

His lot is mine.

OCTAVIO.

Is that your last resolve?

BUTLER.

It is.

OCTAVIO.

Nay, but bethink you, Colonel Butler!
 As yet you have time. Within my faithful breast
 That rashly utter'd word remains interr'd.
 Recal it, Butler! chuse a better party.
 You have not chosen the right one.

BUTLER. (*going.*)

Any other
Commands for me, Lieutenant General?

OCTAVIO.

See your white hairs! Recal that word!

BUTLER.

Farewell!

OCTAVIO.

What would you draw this good and gallant sword
In such a cause? Into a curse would you
Transform the gratitude which you have earn'd
By forty years' fidelity from Austria?

BUTLER. (*laughing with bitterness.*)

Gratitude from the house of Austria.

(*he is going.*)

OCTAVIO. (*permits him to go as far as the door,
then calls after him.*)

Butler!

BUTLER.

What wish you?

OCTAVIO.

How was't with the Count?

BUTLER.

Count? what?

OCTAVIO. (*coldly.*)

The title that you wish'd I mean.

BUTLER. (*starts in sudden passion.*)

Hell and damnation!

OCTAVIO. (*coldly.*)

You petition'd for it—

And your petition was repell'd—Was it so?

BUTLER.

BUTLER.

Your insolent scoff shall not go by unpunish'd.
Draw!

OCTAVIO.

Nay! your sword to 'ts sheath! and tell me calmly
How all that happen'd. I will not refuse you
Your satisfaction afterwards.—Calmly, Butler!

BUTLER.

Be the whole world acquainted with the weakness
For which I never can forgive myself.
Lientenant General! Yes—I have ambition.
Ne'er was I able to endure contempt.
It stung me to the quick, that birth and title
Should have more weight than merit has in th'
army.

I would fain not be meaner than my equal,
So in an evil hour I let myself
Be tempted to that measure—It was folly!
But yet so hard a penance it deserv'd not.
It might have been refus'd; but wherefore barb
And venom the refusal with contempt?
Why dash to earth and crush with heaviest scorn
The grey-hair'd man, the faithful Veteran?
Why to the baseness of his parentage
Refer him with such cruel roughness, only
Because he had a weak hour and forgot himself?
But nature gives a sting e'en to the worm
Which wanton Power treads on in sport and insult.

OCTAVIO.

You must have been calumniated. Guess you
The enemy, who did you this ill service?

BUTLER.

Be't who it will—a most low-hearted scoundrel,
Some vile court-minion must it be, some Spaniard,
Some young squire of some ancient family,
In whose light I may stand, some envious knave,
Stung to his soul by my fair self-earn'd honours!

OCTAVIO.

But tell me! Did the Duke approve that measure?

BUTLER.

Himself impell'd me to it, used his interest
In my behalf with all the warmth of friendship.

OCTAVIO.

Ay? Are you sure of that?

BUTLER.

I read the letter.

OCTAVIO.

And so did I—but the contents were different.

(Butler is suddenly struck)

By chance I'm in possession of that letter—
Can leave it to your own eyes to convince you.

(he gives him the letter)

BUTLER.

Ha! what is this?

OCTAVIO.

I fear me, Colonel Butler,
An infamous game have they been playing with
you.

The Duke, you say, impell'd you to this measure?
Now, in this letter talks he in contempt
Concerning you, counsels the Minister

To give sound chastisement to your conceit,
For so he calls it.

(Butler reads through the letter, his knees tremble, he seizes a chair, and sinks down in it.)

You have no enemy, no persecutor;
There's no one wishes ill to you. Ascribe
The insult you receiv'd to the Duke only.
His aim is clear and palpable. He wish'd
To tear you from your Emperor—he hop'd
To gain from your revenge what he well knew
(What your long-tried fidelity convinc'd him)
He n'er could dare expect from your calm reason.
A blind tool would he make you, in contempt
Use you, as means of most abandon'd ends.
He has gain'd his point. Too well has he succeeded
In luring you away from that good path
On which you had been journeying forty years!

BUTLER. *(his voice trembling)*

Can e'er the Emperor's Majesty forgive me?

OCTAVIO.

More than forgive you. He would fain compensate

For that affront, and most unmerited grievance
Sustain'd by a deserving, gallant veteran.

From his free impulse he confirms the present,
Which the Duke made you for a wicked purpose.
The regiment, which you now command, is your's.

(Butler attempts to rise, sinks down again. He labours inwardly with violent emotions; tries

to speak, and cannot. At length he takes his sword from the belt, and offers it to Piccolomini.)

OCTAVIO.

What wish you? Recollect yourself, friend.

BUTLER.

Take it.

OCTAVIO.

But to what purpose? Calm yourself.

BUTLER.

O take it!

I am no longer worthy of this sword.

OCTAVIO.

Receive it then anew from my hands—and
Wear it with honour for the right cause ever.

BUTLER.

—Perjure myself to such a gracious Sovereign!

OCTAVIO.

You'll make amends. Quick! break off from the
Duke!

BUTLER.

Break off from him!

OCTAVIO.

What now? Bethink thyself.

BUTLER. (*no longer governing his emotion*)

Only break off from him!—He dies! he dies!

OCTAVIO.

Come after me to Frauenberg, where now
All, who are loyal, are assembling under
Counts Altringer and Galas. Many others

I've

208 THE PICCOLOMINI, OR THE

I've brought to a remembrance of their duty.
This night be sure, that you escape from Pilsen.

BUTLER. (*strides up and down in excessive agitation, then steps up to Octavio with resolved countenance.*)

Count Piccolomini! Dare that man speak
Of honour to you, who once broke his troth.

OCTAVIO.

He, who repents so deeply of it, dares.

BUTLER.

Then leave me here, upon my word of honour!

OCTAVIO.

What's your design?

BUTLER.

Leave me and my regiment.

OCTAVIO.

I have full confidence in you. But tell me
What are you brooding?

BUTLER.

That the deed will tell you.

Ask me no more at present. Trust to me.

Ye may trust safely. By the living God

Ye give him over, not to his good angel!

Farewell!

[*Exit Butler.*]

SERVANT. (*enters with a billet.*)

A stranger left it, and is gone.

The Prince-Duke's horses wait for you below.

[*Exit Servant.*]

OCTAVIO. (*reads.*)

"Be sure, make haste! Your faithful Isolan."

—O that I had but left this town behind me.

To

To split upon a rock so near the haven!—
 Away! This is no longer a safe place for me!
 Where can my son be tarrying?

SCENE VI.

OCTAVIO and MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

(MAX. enters almost in a state of derangement from extreme agitation, his eyes roll wildly, his walk is unsteady, and he appears not to observe his father, who stands at a distance, and gazes at him with a countenance expressive of compassion. He paces with long strides through the chamber, then stands still again, and at last throws himself into a chair, staring vacantly at the object directly before him.)

OCTAVIO. (advances to him.)

I am going off, my son.

(Receiving no answer, he takes his hand.)

My son, farewell.

MAX.

Farewell.

OCTAVIO.

Thou wilt soon follow me?

MAX.

I follow thee?

Thy way is crooked—it is not my way.

P

(Octavio

(Octavio drops his hand, and starts back.)

O, hadst thou been but simple and sincere,
 Ne'er had it come to this—all had stood otherwise.
 He had not done that foul and horrible deed,
 The virtuous had retained their influence o'er him:
 He had not fallen into the snares of villains.
 Wherefore so like a thief, and thief's accomplice
 Did'st creep behind him—lurking for thy prey?
 O, unblest falsehood! Mother of all evil!
 Thou misery-making dæmon, it is thou
 That sink'st us in perdition. Simple truth,
 Sustainer of the world, had sav'd us all!
 Father, I will not, I cannot excuse thee!
 Wallenstein has deceiv'd me—O, most foully!
 But thou hast acted not much better.

OCTAVIO.

Son!

My son, ah! I forgive thy agony!

MAX. *(rises, and contemplates his father with
 looks of suspicion.)*

Was't possible? had'st thou the heart, my father,
 Had'st thou the heart to drive it to such lengths,
 With cold premeditated purpose? Thou—
 Had'st thou the heart, to wish to see him guilty,
 Rather than sav'd? Thou risest by his fall.
 Octavio, 'twill not please me.

OCTAVIO.

God in Heaven!

MAX.

O, woe is me! sure I have chang'd my nature.

How comes suspicion here—in the free soul ?
 Hope, confidence, belief, are gone ; for all
 Lied to me, all what I e'er lov'd or honour'd.
 No ! No ! Not all ! She—she yet lives for me,
 And she is true, and open as the Heavens !
 Deceit is every where, hypocrisy,
 Murder, and poisoning, treason, perjury :
 The single holy spot is our love,
 The only unprofan'd in human nature.

OCTAVIO.

Max !—we will go together. 'Twill be better.

MAX.

What ? ere I've taken a last parting leave,
 The very last—no never !

OCTAVIO.

Spare thyself
 The pang of necessary separation.
 Come with me ! Come, my son !
 (*Attempts to take him with him.*)

MAX.

No ! as sure as God lives, no !

OCTAVIO. (*more urgently.*)

Come with me, I command thee ! I, thy father.

MAX.

Command me what is human. I stay here.

OCTAVIO.

Max ! in the Emperor's name I bid thee come.

MAX.

No Emperor hath power to prescribe

Laws to the heart ; and would'st thou with to rob
me

Of the sole blessing which my fate has left me,
Her sympathy. Must then a cruel deed
Be done with cruelty ? The unalterable
Shall I perform ignobly—steal away,
With stealthy coward flight forsake her ? No !
She shall behold my suffering, my sore anguish,
Hear the complaints of the disparted soul,
And weep tears o'er me. O ! the human race
Have steely souls—but she is as an angel:
From the black deadly madness of despair
Will she redeem my soul, and in soft words
Of comfort, plaining, loose this pang of death !

OCTAVIO.

Thou wilt not tear thyself away, thou can'st not.
O, come, my son ! I bid thee save thy virtue.

MAX.

Squander not thou thy words in vain.
The heart I follow, for I dare trust to it.

OCTAVIO. (*trembling, and losing all self-
command.*)

Max ! Max ! if that most damned thing could be,
If thou—my son—my own blood—(dare I *think*
it ?)

Do sell thyself to him, the infamous,
Do stamp this brand upon our noble house,
Then shall the world behold the horrible deed,
And in unnatural combat shall the steel
Of the son trickle with the father's blood.

MAX.

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MAX.

O hadst thou always better thought of men,
Thou hadst then acted better. Curst suspicion!
Unholy miserable doubt! To him
Nothing on earth remains unwrench'd and firm,
Who has no faith.

OCTAVIO.

And if I trust thy heart,
Will it be always in thy power to follow it?

MAX.

The heart's voice *thou* hast not o'erpower'd—as
little
Will Wallenstein be able to o'erpower it.

OCTAVIO.

O, Max! I see thee never more again!

MAX.

Unworthy of thee wilt thou never see me.

OCTAVIO.

I go to Frauenberg—the Pappenheimers
I leave thee here, the Lothrings too; Toskana
And Tiefenbach remain here to protect thee.
They love thee, and are faithful to their oath,
And will far rather fall in gallant contest
Than leave their rightful leader, and their honour.

MAX.

Rely on this, I either leave my life
In the struggle, or conduct them out of Pilsen.

OCTAVIO.

Farewell, my son!

MAX.

Farewell!

OCTAVIO.

OCTAVIO.

How? not one look
Of filial love? No grasp of th' hand at parting?
It is a bloody war, to which we are going,
And the event uncertain and in darkness.
So us'd we not to part—it was not so!
Is it then true? I have a son no longer?

*(Mux. falls into his arms, they hold each for
a long time in a speechless embrace, then
go away at different sides.)*



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